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A

# FUNERAL SERMON,

PREACHED IN

SPITALFIELDS-CHAPEL, *London,*

On Sunday, October 26, 1794.

ON THE DEATH OF

Mrs. H. A. ROGERS,

By the Rev. THOMAS COKE, LL. D.

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ALSO AN

## APPENDIX,

WRITTEN

BY HER HUSBAND;

WITH

*Various Pieces, selected and transcribed by him.*

FROM HER

MANUSCRIPT JOURNALS.

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"She opened her Mouth with Wisdom, and in her Tongue was the Law of Kindness. Her Children arise up, and call her blessed; her Husband also, and he praiseth her."—LEMUZEL.

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## A SERMON, &c.

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HEB. ix. 27.

IT IS APPOINTED UNTO MEN ONCE TO DIE,

**I**F the remains of our dear departed sister, in memory of whom the present discourse is delivered, were now before your eyes, with all the pomp and splendor of modern funerals, it is not improbable but there are some, whose minds would be affected with a solemn, but superstitious awe, which the preacher has neither power nor inclination to raise. He is conscious, that those who had the privilege of being acquainted with her, need nothing more than the recollection of that amiable woman, under the blessing of God, to infuse into them that spirit of true solemnity, which alone becomes the christian on these occasions. But yet, that which rises above every other consideration, is the momentous truth held out to us in my text, that great statute-law of heaven, *It is appointed unto men once to die.*

For the due improvement of this weighty subject, we shall  
First, Give an explication of the text:

Secondly, Consider the grand point held forth—the certainty of death:

Thirdly, Lay down some considerations against the fear of death, for the use and comfort of believers:

Fourthly, Draw some inferences from the foregoing heads: And,

Lastly, Present you with an epitome of the experience, death, and character of our deceased friend.

I. We are to explain the text.

1<sup>st</sup>. The proposition is indefinite, *It is appointed unto men once to die.* It is not confined to any sex or description. The whole race is included. But yet there have been, and still shall be exceptions to the general rule. 1. *Enoch*, that

holy man, who walked with God three hundred years; and then *was not, for God took him. By faith he was translated into heaven, and fitted at once for consummate glory.* 2. *Elijah, the great and highly honoured prophet, who had power to open and shut the heavens, and to call down celestial fire: when he had finished his suffering life, in the midst of an idolatrous people, his friend and his God took him, soul and body together, in a chariot of fire to the heaven of heavens. These are the exceptions we have had already. And, in respect to futurity, we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and instantly all the faithful, who are then alive, shall put on incorruption and immortality, and shall afterwards enter into their Master's joy, without suffering the usual lot of mortality.*

The above excepted, we must all pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and return to the dust from whence we came. And truly, my brethren, I know not whether I should not prefer, if the choice were given me, to tread the steps my Saviour trod before me, and to pass after him through the door of death, than to be at once translated to the realms of bliss. He has sanctified the grave by lying in it; and every path in which we follow the Lamb, is strewn with blessings to the faithful. He will take care of our sacred dust! every thing which is essential to humanity will he preserve in the hollow of his hand, till he completely mould it by Almighty Power, and give it a lustre to which the sun shall appear as darkness.

2dly. We must die *once.* But all shall not die the *second death.* There is the comfort of the believer. That divine and ineffable union, which subsists between God and the christian's soul, shall preserve the consecrated *body*, which here below is the temple of the Holy Ghost. As the whole humanity of Christ was united to his God-head, even when his soul and body were separated: so the soul and body of the faithful are united to Christ, even when they are separated by death: for we are *bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh.* When death shall untie those secret and sweet bands, those vital knots, which fasten soul and body together, then shall the sanctified and immortal spirit burst through its timent of clay, and take possession of its everlasting home. On such the *second death hath no power.* To them, death is only a sleep, a happy passage out of the prison of the body into a state of perfect freedom;—out of an earthly house,



where the better part groans, *into a building of God—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.* But,

gdly. We must undergo *the first death.* This is the irrevocable decree of heaven : not from the necessity of nature, but as the punishment of sin. Man was made immortal :—sin alone “brought death into the world, and all our woe.” May the awful decree, *It is appointed unto men once to die,* have such an influence on our minds, and be so accompanied by the operation of grace upon our hearts, that we may always be enabled to say with holy triumph, *O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

II. We now proceed to consider the second point—the unavoidable and certainty of death.

It needs no proof. Every thing else on this side of the grave is attended with probability, or possibility only—this alone with certainty. If it be inquired, Will such a child be rich or poor, be learned or ignorant, be honourable or contemptible ? the answer is, Perhaps it may, perhaps not ; but if it be enquired, Shall he die ? the answer contains no *perhaps* : it is simply—He certainly shall.

I shall therefore only consider the present head in a way of application : for it is the heart alone which wants to be awakened on the present subject. Such is the foolishness of men in general, that they will not duly consider the transitoriness of all sublunary things, the mortality of our bodies, and the infinitely momentous concerns of eternity. Let us therefore examine into the grand reasons of this stupidity of man. We shall find it perhaps proceed from the following particulars :

1st. Immense multitudes are so immersed in the pleasures, honours, or riches of this world, that every thought of the certainty or approach of death is drowned therein. As soon as an idea on the important subject springs up in the mind, it sinks and is lost in the innumerable ideas which continually crowd in concerning the things of time and sense : it is devoured by the worldly thoughts which are incessantly buzzing in the souls of carnal men. One is so eagerly pursuing the things of time, and so abhorrent of reflection, that with a variety of invented delights, he imparts the wings of time, to make them fly the faster ; and is never contented, but when the senses are gratified. Another is ate up by ambition : he forgets he is mortal ; and power and titles, and worldly honours are the only food of his soul. A third,

like the fool in the parable, trusts in his riches. He says to *his soul, Soul, thou hast goods laid up for many years, eat, drink, and be merry.* Whereas, he might as well lay a plaister to his cloaths to heal the wounds of his body, as imagine he can bring happiness into his soul through any thing which the honours, riches, or pleasures of this world can possibly afford. If we will believe the Spirit of God, the sum total of them all is *vanity of vanities—all is vanity and vexation of spirit.* If vanity can satisfy you, if vexation of spirit can give you content, if you can gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles, then go and doat upon the creatures.

2dly. Men in general are continually viewing death as at a distance; and thereby entirely lose sight of the awful certainty and unavoidableness of it. What, if God were to summon you away, sinners, in an hour, or a moment! How dreadful would be the alarm! And should we not be every moment prepared, by living in the favour of God, and in the light of his countenance; for who can assure himself for a moment to come? For ought you know, the film, the bubble which holds your lives, is now a breaking! O, did we but seriously consider by what small pins this frame of man is tacked together, it would appear to us a miracle that we live for a single hour!

3dly. The apprehensions, the terrors arising in the minds of the unregenerate from reflections upon death, keep them from any due considerations on the certainty and unavoidableness of it. The agonies of death, the senseless corpse, the gnawing worms, the stench of rotteness, and all the other attendants of that grim king of terrors, form far too miserable a subject for the jovial world, or the dissipated throng to reflect upon for a moment. But, though the consideration of these things be very unwelcome, yet there is far worse behind; and that is, the sin which deserves death; and the hell which follows it. To be for ever shut up in utter darkness, to be the sport of devils, as far as devils can sport themselves with any thing, to be banished for ever from the source of happiness, to have the soul eternally tormented by the worm which dieth not, and the immortalized body by a fire suited to its ever-dying, but never annihilated substance: these subjects afford ideas, which, if thoroughly attended to, and applied by the grace of God, would soon stir up the soul to enter into that state of favour with the Lord, which would make dissolution a privilege, and death a kind messenger without a sting, to open the gate to everlasting joys.

III. But this leads me to the third head of my discourse, namely, to lay down some considerations against the fear of death, for the comfort of believers.

1<sup>st</sup>. If the soul be immortal, if it were created and redeemed for the eternal enjoyment of God, and consequently enter after death on an infinitely better life than this, the believer may certainly be well contented, yea, glad to die. The glorious view which faith opens to the spiritual eye, far overbalances all the frightful objects with which death is surrounded. The scenes of pure perennial bliss, where saints eternally bask themselves in the bright beams of the countenance of their God, and bathe themselves in the rivers of pleasures which flow at his right hand for evermore, are sufficient, though only viewed in prospect, to elevate the soul above every terrifying thought which can possibly assail it. An old heathen philosopher, *Tullius Cicero*, in his dream of *Scipio*, beautifully observes, *If I were now disengaged from my cumbrous body, and on the wing for Elysium*, (the place where the ancient Romans supposed the virtuous would dwell after death) *and some superior Being should meet me in my flight, and make me an offer of returning and reanimating my body, I should, without hesitation reject his offer; so much rather would I go to Elysium, to reside with Socrates and Plato, and all the ancient worthies, and spend my time in conversing with them.* But, could a heathen thus triumph in thought of enjoying his poor miserable paradise; and prefer it even to life, how much more may a christian triumph in the exulting thought that he shall spend an eternity with the wisest, the holiest, the happiest beings, that ever came out of the creative hand of God: yea, that he shall spend an eternity with Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, the joy of his heart, and the delight of his eyes; where he shall fix his ever-waking eyes on the infinite beauty of his adorable Lord; yea, if it were possible would think eternity too short for the beholding and admiring such transcendent excellencies, and for the solemnizing those heavenly espousals between Christ and his most beloved spouse, when all the powers of heaven shall triumph for joy, and a concert of seraphim for ever sing the wedding-song.

2<sup>dly</sup>. The whole life of a christian is founded on a hope, which cannot be accomplished but by dying. How exceedingly mistaken must he be, who fears that which alone can gratify his highest wishes, and is the great end of all his pursuits. What does the christian chiefly hope for? Is it not the enjoyment of his God in the realms of bliss? Is it not to

fit with Christ in his throne, even as Christ sits with his Father in his throne? Is it not to join the redeemed, and the innumerable hosts of angels, in singing continually hallelujahs, salvation, and glory, and honour, and power to God and the Lamb? In short, is it not to see God face to face—to enjoy the beatific vision? But can we be possessors of these mighty joys, without passing through the valley of the shadow of death? And shall a christian be afraid of *that* which alone can enable him to realize the glorious hope, which is the very support of his life? Should it not rather be the language of his soul, *I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, which is far better?*

3dly. Death is no more than a quiet sleep. Thus it is frequently represented in the oracles of God. “*Behold, thou shalt sleep with thy Fathers. Many that sleep in the dust shall awake. Our friend Lazarus sleepeth. Stephen fell asleep. I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others, which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him. For we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. Some are fallen asleep. They are fallen asleep in Christ. The fathers fell asleep.*” The inspired writers seem to delight in the metaphor, when applied to the death of the faithful: and what can be more expressive? The weary labourer lays himself down to sleep till the morning; and the christian takes his sleep in the grave till the morning of the resurrection, only with this essential difference; the common sleep of nature deprives us of the natural light, but the sleep of death brings the believer to the vision of the true and otherwise inaccessible light. Why then should the christian be afraid of death? Surely he may take the serpent into his bosom; for he has not only lost his sting, but is reconciled to the believer, and become one of his party. Therefore, says St. Paul, *Whether life or death, all is yours: and again, To me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain.* And well may the christian rejoice in death, and welcome the pleasing messenger; for it is the hand of death which draws the curtain, and lets him in to see God face to face in heaven, that palace of inestimable pleasure and delight, where the strongest beams of glory shall beat fully upon our faces, and we shall be made strong enough to bear them. Neither does death do any real injury to our bodies, since they shall be new molded at the resurrection: when *this mortal shall put*



on immortality, and this corruptible put on incorruption : when these dull lumps shall become as impassible as the angelic nature, subtle as a ray of light, bright as the sun, nimble as lightning. Who is there that is truly armed with this helmet of salvation, this hope of heaven, who would for a moment desire to have the law of death reverted ? Surely a holy soul may frequently be breathing forth desires (though with due resignation), after the kind office of death, to deliver it into so great and incomprehensible a glory.

IV. I now proceed, in the fourth place, to draw some inferences from what has been advanced.

1<sup>st</sup>. If death be so certain and unavoidable, and it be appointed unto men once to die, what exquisite folly is it to suffer our affections to cleave to any thing here below ! How painful must the parting be, when we are drawn from our dearest idols, from our chief joy ! How different is the concluding scene of the pious, and the unregenerate ! Angels are waiting to receive the former, and to accompany them to their beloved Bridegroom—their adorable Lord ; whilst devils are ready to seize upon the latter, and to bring them to their place of torment. Some of the voluptuous heathens were accustomed to bring in the resemblance of an anatomy to their feasts, in order to remind their guests of their favourite motto—*Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die* : let us indulge ourselves in every pleasure of sense, since annihilation daily approaches, and we shall then sink into an eternal sleep. How much better is the advice of the apostle : *But this I say, brethren, the time is short. It remaineth, that both they that have wives, be as though they had none ; and they that weep, as though they wept not ; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not ; and they that buy, as though they possessed not ; and they that use this world, as though they abused it ; for the fashion of this world passeth away*. Why should any thing this world can allure us with, be of any price in a wise man's esteem ? Both they and we must perish in the using : they are dying comforts, and we must die who enjoy them. And therefore,

2<sup>dly</sup>. As we must all shortly die, let us labour to be always in readiness for the awful hour. I shall lay down a few directions, and then proceed to the more immediate subject of our meeting.

1<sup>st</sup>. Wean your hearts from the love of the world. Death must and will pluck you from it. Why then should you toil, and waste your lives on so precarious, so transitory an object ? Every thing below is fading : but your precious



souls are immortal. Be not therefore unequally yoked ; join not your ever-living souls to dying comforts ; this would be a tyranny worse than that which was exercised by those of old, who tied living bodies to dead carcases. When you take your eternal farewell of sublunary enjoyments, what lingering looks will you cast on those dear nothings, those miserable follies which you clasped round your heart, unless almighty grace has wrenched your affections from them ; whilst the soul which is crucified to the world, and the world to it ; which sits loose to every thing below, spreads its wings, and takes its glad flight to realms where bliss and love immortal reign. Soon will the films fall off from the eyes of worldlings. When they stand before the awful bar of God, with what astonishment will they behold the men whom they once despised, shining as the stars of the firmament at the right hand of the judge. *They shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of the salvation of the righteous, so far beyond all which they looked for : and repenting, and groaning for anguish of spirit, they shall say within themselves, " These were they whom we had sometime in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted their life madness, and their end to be without honour. Now are they numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints ! "* And then will the final separation take place : those who were here dead to the world, and walked with God, shall ascend up to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and be ever with their Lord ; whilst the others sink down into the place prepared for the devil and his angels.

2. Would you be prepared for death ? Then delay not your conversion. Remember him who has said, *Many shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able.* It is not an empty wish, or languishing endeavour, which will serve the turn. He that is but almost a christian, shall but almost be saved. You must *strive to enter in at the strait gate.* To those who thus knock, it shall certainly be opened. God delights to bless the earnestly seeking soul.

3. Live every day as if it were your last, and the next were allotted for eternity. It may be so : and when we consider the importance of eternal things, of the everlasting happiness of the blessed, and the everlasting misery of the impenitent, it should lead us to leave nothing to the hazard. For there is no end of procrastination. There will be the same tempting devil, and the same treacherous heart to-morrow as to-day, only made more treacherous by delay. Therefore, *now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.*

*Now, while it is called to day, harden not your hearts. Do you think you can be happy too soon? Or, do you think that God will accept the dregs of your life, when you have given the strength of it to the devil? Begin therefore to live to God every day and every hour.*

4. You, who are believers, be constant in the exercise of a holy life. Let your fellowship be with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. Labour to walk in the light, as God is in the light, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son shall cleanse you from all sin. Walk as heirs of heaven, led and moved by the Spirit of Christ in you. Live habitually by faith in the Son of God, who loved you, and gave himself for you. Take care to preserve an abiding witness of the favour of God. There is nothing else can support you in a dying hour. Whoever has such an assurance, cannot but welcome death, embracing it not only with contentment, but delight: And while the soul is struggling, and striving to unclasp itself, and get loose from the body, it cannot but say, with holy longings and pantings, *Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.*

V. I proceed in the fifth and last place, to present you with an epitome of the experience, death, and character of our deceased friend, Mrs. HESTER ANN ROGERS.

She was born at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, on the 31st of January, 1756; of which place her father was minister for many years. She was trained up in the observance of all outward duties, and in the fear of those sins, which, in these modern times, are too often deemed accomplishments. She was followed with divine impressions from her childhood, and was early drawn out to secret prayer. From four years old, she never remembered going to bed without saying her prayers, except once. When she wanted any thing, or was in pain, or grief, she fled to God in secret; and it would be incredible to some, how often she received manifest answers to prayer in that early period of her life.

In the ninth year of her age, her pious father dying, her mother was prevailed on to let her learn to dance, in order to raise her spirits, and improve her carriage. This was a fatal stab to her divine impressions: it paved the way to lightness, trifling, love of pleasure, and various evils. As she soon made a proficiency, she delighted much in this ensnaring folly. Yet, in all this, she was not left without keen convictions, gentle drawings, and many short-lived good resolutions.

When she arrived at the age of fourteen, the Lord visited her with affliction. During this illness she had an alarming dream, which, together with the danger attending her disorder, made a deep impression on her mind for some time. But, alas! her health and strength was no sooner restored, than (being solicited by her companions in gay life) she again returned to her former follies; such as balls, plays, dress, assemblies, &c. the love of which continued to grow upon her more and more, for upwards of two years, and nearly engrossed the whole of her time.

After this, she was deeply wrought upon by a sermon, which the Rev. Mr. Simpson, of Macclesfield, preached on, *What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul*: and soon after felt further convictions under another which he preached upon the new birth, from *John iii. 3*. She now saw and felt as she had never done before, that she must experience that divine change, or perish.

In April, 1774, on the Sunday before Easter, Mr. Simpson preached from *John vi. 44*. *No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him*. Under this sermon she felt herself indeed a lost, perishing sinner; a rebel against repeated convictions, and a condemned criminal by the law of God, who deserved to be sentenced to eternal pain! She felt she had broken her baptismal vow, her sacramental vows, and had no title to any mercy, or any hope! She wept aloud, so that all around her were amazed; nor was she any longer ashamed to own the cause. She went home, ran up stairs, and fell on her knees; and made a solemn vow to renounce and forsake *all* her sinful pleasures, and trifling companions.

She could not eat, or sleep, or take any comfort. The curses throughout the whole Bible seemed pointed all at *her*, and she could not claim a single promise. Thus she continued till Good-Friday. After many conflicts, she ventured once more to approach the Lord's table. As the minister was reading that sentence in the communion service, *If any man sin, we have an advocate*, &c. a ray of divine light was darted into her soul, and she was enabled to believe there was mercy for her; she felt a degree of love to God spring up in her heart, and in a measure could rejoice in him. But, alas! this was only for a short season! She had never yet heard the Methodists, nor had she lost all her prejudices against them: but a neighbour, who had lately found peace with God, advised her strongly to hear them.

She resolved to go privately, and went accordingly at five o'clock one morning. The text was, *Comfort ye, comfort ye my people saith your God.* She thought every word the preacher said was for her: he spoke to her heart as if he had known all the secret workings there. She was much comforted, her prejudices were now fully removed, and she received a full and clear conviction, **THESE ARE THE PEOPLE OF GOD.**

She met with a little pamphlet, entitled, "The great Duty of believing on the Son of God." She was much encouraged on reading this; and would gladly have spent the night in prayer: but her mother (with whom she slept) would not suffer it. She therefore went to bed, but could not sleep; and at four in the morning rose again, that she might wrestle with the Lord. She prayed, but it seemed in vain! The heavens appeared as brass; and hope seemed almost sunk into despair; when the Lord spake that promise to her heart, *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* She revived and cried, "Lord, I know this is thy word, and I can depend upon it." Again it came, *Only believe.* "Lord Jesus," said she, "I will, I do believe: I now venture my whole salvation upon thee as God! I put my guilty soul into thy hands—thy blood is sufficient! I cast my soul upon thee for *time and eternity.*" Then did he appear to her salvation:—in that moment her bands were loosed: her soul was set at liberty; and the love of God so shed abroad in her heart, that she rejoiced with joy unspeakable; and for eight months she experienced no interruption to her bliss.

But now the Lord began to reveal in her heart that sin was not all destroyed: for, though she had constant victory over it, yet she felt the remains of anger, pride, self-will, and unbelief often rising, which occasioned a degree of heaviness and sorrow. At first, she was much amazed to feel such things.

About this time the Lord was pleased to make the preaching of Mr. *Duncan Wright* a great blessing to her. He clearly explained the nature of salvation from inbred sin; and shewed it to be as freely promised in scripture, and as full purchased by the blood of Jesus, as pardon. Henceforth she could not rest, but cried to the Lord night and day, to cast out the strong man, and all his armour of unbelief and sin.

On the morning of February 22, 1776, when at prayer, her intercourse was open with her beloved, and various



promises were presented to her view. She thought, "Shall I now ask *small* blessings only of my God? Lord, make this the moment of my *full* salvation: Baptize me *now* with the Holy Ghost, and the fire of pure love. Now cleanse the thoughts of my heart, and let me *perfectly* love thee."

Thus she continued agonizing till the Lord applied that promise, *I will circumcise thy heart, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.* She said, "Lord, thou art faithful, and this is thy word: I cast my whole soul upon thy promise. Now, Lord, I *do* believe: this moment thou *do*st save. Yea, Lord, my soul is delivered of her burden. I am emptied of all. Love sinks me into nothing—it overflows my soul. O my Jesus, thou art all in all! In thee I behold and feel all the fulness of the Godhead mine: inbred sin no longer hinders the close communion, and God is all my own."

She now walked in the unclouded light of his countenance: and yet she did not feel so much *rapturous* joy as she had been led to expect: but was rather, as it were, overwhelmed with that "sacred awe which dares not move, and all the silent heaven of love."

She resolved at first not to declare openly what the Lord had wrought: but it was seen in her countenance; and when asked respecting it, she durst not deny the wonders of his love: and she soon found, that repeating his goodness, confirmed her own faith more and more.

From this time we may clearly perceive the increase of her joy in God, and her deep communion with him, from her private *Diary*, where she writes as follows:

"On Trinity Sunday, June, 1776, I met in the select society at six in the morning, and it was a blessed season to my soul.

Mr. Wright dwelt a little on the equal love of each person in the adorable Trinity, in a manner which I found truly profitable. Afterwards, he preached from *Ephes. ii. 18.* *Through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.* He shewed the distinct relative offices of Father, Son, and Spirit, in man's salvation, and that the love of the Father was ever equal; as also that of the Son, and that of the Holy Ghost: that all the designs of the Son were the designs of the Father also, and of the Holy Ghost. He also spoke much of the near union and communion with God, which believers might enjoy; especially those perfected in love. My soul was led into depths unspeakable, and saw such a fulness of God ready for me to plunge into, that what I



now felt seemed only as a drop compared with the ocean : As I came into the chapel yard, I felt peculiar union with the adorable Jesus in all his offices of redeeming love ; and that verse of a hymn was so powerfully sweet as I never had felt it before :—

“ The opening heavens around me shine with beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his mercy mine, and whispers, I am his.”

I was deeply penetrated with his presence, and stood as if unable to move, and was insensible to all around me. While thus lost in communion with my Saviour, he spoke those words to my heart ; *All that I have is thine !*—I am Jesus, in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily—*I am thine !*—My Spirit is thine ; my Father is thine : they love thee as I love thee :—the whole Deity is thine ! All God is, and all he *has* is thine. He even now overshadows thee—he now covers thee with the cloud of his presence. All this was so realized to my soul, in a manner I cannot explain, that I sunk down motionless ; being unable to sustain the weight of his glorious presence and fulness of love. At the ALTAR this was renewed to me, but not in so large a measure. I believe, indeed, if this had continued as I felt it before, but for one hour, mortality must have been dissolved, and the soul dislodged from its tenement of clay.

Friday 21. I prove, through boundless mercy and free grace, an increasing intercourse and communion with my God every day. I live and move in him alone. Wherever I go, whatever I do, I feel the presence of the GREAT THREE ONE ;—*Yea, he dwelleth with me, and shall be in me* : this is his promise to my soul. I feel I am under his loving eye, and the continual guidance of his Spirit. I do indeed dwell in God, and God in me ! O love unsearchable to such a worm !—“ I loath myself when God I see, and into nothing fall !”

Sunday 23. In meeting with the select society again, I had unspeakable communion with the blessed Trinity ! I had the same at the preaching also. Mr. Percival's text was, *O God, thou art my God !* A sense of the divine presence almost overcame my body. All the day I have been filled with a solemn weight of love, and swallowed up in God the eternal Father, Saviour, and Comforter. At the church, while that Anthem was sung, *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, &c. I was so overwhelmed with the power of God, and had such a foretaste of his glory, I thought I should

have died ! O the depths of his indulgent, condescending love ! He knows my trials, and the need I have of such consolations to strengthen and support my weakness. I live by faith : this is my soul's strong anchor, which lays hold on Omnipotence, and receives a momentary supply for every want. My God is always near :—He is my *one object*, the centre and end of all my desires :—He is my *ALL IN ALL*."

After a wonderful chain of divine leadings and remarkable providences, on August 19, 1784, she was married to Mr. Rogers, in whom the Lord gave her a helpmate for glory ; just such a partner as she needed to strengthen her. He made them of *one heart*, and *one soul* ; and for above ten years, crowned their union with his *constant smile*. Soon after their marriage, they went to Dublin, where Mr. Rogers was appointed to labour. In that city they were gladly received, and the Lord gave them the hearts of the people. There they saw a blessed revival of the work of God : and in three years, the number in society was increased more than double. From thence they removed to Cork, where also the Lord graciously revived his work. His word greatly prospered and prevailed ; and many in that city still remember with gratitude, the happy seasons which they enjoyed together. And it appears from what our dear friend wrote of herself when there, that she never before was more happy in her own soul, nor enjoyed deeper communion with her God, than during her stay in that city. After spending three years in Cork, they removed to London ; and for two years resided in Mr. Wesley's house, at the new chapel ; where they also had the happiness of seeing the work of God prosper. Many souls were brought into christian liberty ; and in two years, not less than five hundred were added to the society, in the city and suburbs. Here indeed it might be said, *The walls of Jerusalem were built in troublesome times*. The awful event of Mr. Wesley's death, which happened during the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers at the City Road, rendered their situation exceeding critical and trying, as many of you well know.

In August, 1792, the conference stationed Mr. Rogers here, (at Spitalfields) in order to put this chapel and the adjoining dwelling-house into a state of good repair ; in which labour of love he was truly indefatigable. You now reap the benefit, and are thankful that you can here retire, and worship God in peace. Notwithstanding the work necessary to be done on the premises was great ; yet, before

the end of October, Mrs. Rogers and the children were comfortably placed in her new habitation; and a few days afterwards, she wrote in her *Diary* as follows:

"I feel grateful to my God that I am placed here, though but for a season; where I can enjoy more retirement, and less of busy life. My God is with me, and I trust he will draw and unite more fully to himself his helpless creature. I have power with him in prayer; and I know he will answer my enlarged requests for myself, my other self, and our offspring. I long for a yet larger measure of the mind of Christ;—more of every grace, and a deeper communion with my God. All temptations respecting conflicts with Satan in *death* are vanished. I know my *Joshua* will be with me in Jordan, and see me safe through! Sometimes I have thought I shall have to pass that river before it be long; but that I leave to him. I feel no desire of life, but when I see my dear husband oppressed with trials, and my living seems as if it would be a help and comfort to *him*; or, when a silent wish arises to see my children grown, and partakers of regenerating grace: but I am kept from anxiety."

During her state of pregnancy she had much bodily affliction, and was reduced very low. The state of her soul will best appear from her own words; as also the narrow escape from death which she *then* had, at the time of her delivery.

"January 1, 1793, I had not much sleep, yet I rose refreshed, and resolved to live for God alone. I feel him mine; and that I am offered to him without reserve. I know various bodily oppressions, natural to my present state, hinder my rejoicing as much in him as at other times: but my trust is fixed on his almighty love; and I feel I cannot trust in vain. He is my strong helper; and my painful feelings do work for my good; for they lead me to cast my helplessness upon his fulness; and to seek my all from him alone.—Yes, and I trust to prove the uttermost of these sweet lines—

"I shall suffer and fulfil all my Master's gracious will;  
Be in all alike resign'd; Jesu's is a patient mind."

On April the 20th, I suffered much in lingering labour pains, and at night saw it needful to send for the doctor. He came, and hoped I should soon be delivered; but at midnight my pains left me. I was tolerable easy all the next day, and enabled in patience to wait the Lord's leisure. I slept better at night than I had done for some weeks, and

was greatly refreshed. In the morning, lingering labour came on again ; and the pain was so excruciating and constant, (though unavailable) that I thought I *must* have expired ! Having continued in this state about six hours, my labour came on with uncommon violence and rapidity, so that in a few minutes I was mercifully delivered of a lovely girl. But, O ! it was nature's agony indeed ! For a little time gratitude unspeakable overflowed my heart, and body and soul experienced a heaven. But, this was soon past ; and I was thrown back upon the verge of eternity. Mr. Jones laboured to save me till the sweat ran down his temples, for three hours ; and for twelve hours I was between life and death ! I felt, however, no fear of dying : all within was peace. When capable of thought, I could view a blessed eternity with delight. I recovered very slowly ; and at times suffered much : but the Lord continued to comfort my soul ; and though few thought I should be restored, yet I believed I should. My dear husband suffered much on my account ; and I believe his tenderness greatly contributed to my recovery.

The Leeds Conference drawing near, my dear partner left me on July 21, and in the night after, my *Hester* was seized with a malignant fever. The weather was uncommonly hot ; and what my fatigue and weakness was, my God only knows ! But he held me up, that I did not sink ; and my soul was happy in his love. In this time of affliction I had peculiar intercourse and communion with God in prayer, both with the family, and in secret ; and I received manifest answers. On the seventh day the fever came to a crisis :—my child was quite delirious, and very ill indeed ; but I felt fully resigned to the will of God respecting her, life or death. About nine in the evening, her piercing cries, through agonizing pain in the head, were very pitiable ; and I intreated the Lord, in the prayer of faith, to give her ease. He heard—he answered ! The pain was instantaneously removed, and she fell into a slumber ; but it soon appeared to be the sleep of death ! Her feet, legs, and hands were cold, her nails blue, and she was motionless till a little past four in the morning. Just then, a blister which I had put on her back, began to rise, and signs of life appeared ; by degrees warmth returned to her arms, hands, and feet ; then motion, and lastly speech. After this a mighty change appeared : her fever was gone, and the next day she sat up some hours, and continued to recover in a most wonderful manner. What cannot the Lord do ? Upon the whole,



when I look back, I can only wonder and adore ! repeating with the poet,

“ I stand and admire thy outstretched arm ;  
Having walk'd through the fire, and suffer'd no harm.”

Out of weakness, surely *I* have been made strong, both as it respects body and soul. What a feeble frame ! yet, how am I strengthened of the Lord to bear fatigue, loss of rest, and painful sensations. How helpless and unworthy ; yet comforted in my God—strengthened to do his will :—to offer up my child, and with entire resignation to lay, *It is the Lord ; let him do what seemeth him good.* How sweet also my prospects into a glorious eternity ! and when weakest, no gloomy fears of entering those abodes ;—but the blessed testimony, that where *Jesus* is, (*my Lord and my God*) there shall his servant be, and shall see his face—his Godhead, without a veil, wrapped up in Father, Son, and Spirit for evermore !”

Upon leaving London, she writes as follows :

“ Sunday, September 1, I heard Mr. Rogers at the new chapel in the morning, and had a blessed season. He also preached at Spitalfields in the evening, from, *Finally, brethren, farewell.* The singers at both places, took leave by hymns adapted for the purpose, very sweet and affecting. A mixture of love and friendly grief, together with deep gratitude to God, filled my soul. Lord remember this dear people with tenfold blessings ! On the two following days, the simple-hearted affection shewn by very many of God's dear children, affected me much. I saw my dear and *only* brother on the Tuesday evening : I felt much at parting :—I think we shall not meet again on earth ! After this, I called upon our valuable friends, *Tooth, Whitfield, Jones,* and several others ; and then hastened to meet my dear husband at our kind friends, Mr. *Senols'*, where we supped. O, thou God of love, preserve *these* until we meet them all again, where pain and parting are no more ! On Wednesday we dined at Mr. *Ball's*, and then hastened in a coach, with our children, to Mr. *T. Shakespear's*, in Smithfield. It was Bartholomew's fair ; and such a scene, or rather manifold scenes of folly, my eyes never beheld, as were exhibited, where once dying *martyrs* for *JESUS* offered up their latest breath ! With difficulty, but, thank God, with safety, we got through. I found my body very poorly, and expected to faint ; but I had not been long in the coach before I was better. Through much mercy, we arrived next day at Birmingham, where our friends received us kindly. On



the ensuing Sabbath, Mr. Rogers preached from, *I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.* The word was with power, and my soul was greatly comforted."

It was thought a change of air and situation would be useful to our dear friend, and have been a means under God, of strengthening her delicate constitution: but an *obstinate windy complaint*, which she was attacked with near three years before her dissolution, baffled all human skill, and repelled the force of every medicine, and never left her till the day of her death. During the last three or four months of her life, out of various other things, the following are extracted.

" Since I came to Birmingham, the Lord has been very present with me: I have indeed been fed with the hidden manna of his love! I have been peculiarly drawn out in prayer for the conversion of souls: and notwithstanding the enemy has laboured by various means to hinder this, yet the Lord hath given me to rejoice also herein. I feel my soul animated to praise my great Source of bliss! May all I have and all I am, be his devoted sacrifice for ever! I feel it good to live by faith: it brings deep peace, and present power. I never can watch so well, as when I thus momentarily believe. I have of late felt very poorly in body; and have had a degree of dulness hanging on my spirit: but I fly to the Lord—I wrestle with him for its removal; and I ever find he is a present God when I call upon him. And, O! how he opens his heaven of love afresh in my soul, by giving me unspeakable views of what my *Jesus* suffered in the body for *me!* and the love and sympathy he still feels to every suffering member. I have felt of late, a deepening of the graces of faith, resignation, and entire dependance on my God. And, O! how good is the Lord, that he should thus prepare me for what he *knew* would touch me in the tenderest part.

After a very restless night, my dear *Patty* broke out very full of the small pox; and for a fortnight, I had much exercise for faith and patience. But this was very little to what I felt on the return of my dearest husband from Barr, where (on May 19, 1794,) he had a kind of apoplectic fit. He fell down as sudden as if he had been shot; and still continues very unwell. Yet, in secret prayer the Lord assured me he should *not die, but live!* O! what should I do at a timelike this, if I had not a constant intercourse with my God? But, blessed be his dear name, I have access to

him. He is *indeed* my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble : and fills my soul with strong consolation.

July 15, 1794. For some time I have felt a desire, if the the Lord law good, to accompany my dear husband to the Bristol Conference. It would be a gratification to see the dear children ; but *much more* do I desire to go on account of my dear partner's health, who has not yet recovered his late awful attack. I was in suspense, however, until this day, whether I could go or not ; but now I see an opening in providence ; and, although there be a hazard with respect to myself in taking such a journey in my present state, yet, the Lord assures me he will preserve my going out and my coming in, and greatly comforts my soul. On Tuesday 22, we set off at four o'clock in the morning, with Mr. *Pawson*, and as many more of the preachers as the coach would contain. We had a comfortable journey. I felt the Lord truly with me, and my body was in a wonderful manner strengthened ; so that I was astonished to feel no more fatigued, when, about ten o'clock, we arrived at our kind friend's, Mr. *Hartland's*. We also had a refreshing sleep, and arose, both of us, in better health than we had left home. May I deeply feel my many mercies, as so many various pledges of my Father's love ! We found our three sweet boys, thank God, all in health, and overjoyed at seeing us. *Joseph* is making swift progress in the Printing business, and likely to make an excellent workman. *Benjamin* is approved by his master, beloved by his school-fellows, and above all, I trust he truly fears God. My *James* is very childish ; (he is but eight years old) yet, I think I see in him the dawnings of a noble spirit ; which, if governed by grace, will one day give us comfort in him also, and make him a blessing to thousands.

After different scenes, and manifold consolations during the time of Conference, on August 10, we rose before three o'clock in the morning, and set off at four on our journey home. Our friends were very affectionate ; and our dear children also got up to see us set off, and we left them all well, though sorrowful to part. I claimed my Lord's promise, to preserve me in coming in as in going out ; and I proved him faithful. He did wonderfully strengthen my poor body, and sustained my soul with his heart-felt presence. We arrived safe in our own habitation by nine in the evening, and found the three children we had left all well. And, though I felt inexpressibly weary ; yet, to be brought safe in so critical a situation, (not two months from the time of

my expected confinement) filled my soul with unspeakable gratitude."

During the few remaining weeks of her life, she continued to breath the following sweet language of a saint truly ripe for God.

"Monday, September 1, I had a good day, my intercourse with heaven is truly open, and my soul stayed upon my God.—Tuesday 2, was a blessed day of nearness to God. His word was precious food; and I found my heart enlarged in praise and love.—Wednesday 3, was also a day of inward comfort, though of bodily weakness. I had a very precious time in meeting my clars: and, although the poor sinners were baiting a bull by the window, I believe all, as well as myself, so felt the divine presence, as not to be disturbed by the rabble.—Thursday 4, I had much cramp and little sleep in the night, which in some degree has weakened the animal frame: but I feel peace in my God.—Friday 5, I believe in answer to prayer I had refreshing sleep, and was better in body this day, and my soul comforted in my God." Thus she goes on from day to day, expressing the same unshaken confidence and comfort in *her God*, even until she could write and speak no more! The last words she was able to write in her Journal are these;—"My body is very poorly, and has been so most of the week. O! what a clog to the animal spirit! Yet, I am kept in a *praying, depending, resigned* frame; determined to trust my God with my ALL.

ON the 10th of October, 1794, the expected time of her travail being come, she was in great pain most of the day; and about eight o'clock in the evening she was delivered of a fine boy. She was not a little distressed with her inveterate *windy disorder* during her labour; but after her delivery she seemed much relieved. She lay composed for more than half an hour with heaven in her countenance praising God for his great mercy, and expressing her gratitude to all around her. She took Mr. Rogers by the hand, and said, "My dear, the Lord has been very kind to us: O, he is good, indeed he is good! but I'll tell you more by and by." She thanked the doctor, and told him she would remember his kindness and attention another day, and expressed her *entire* satisfaction in all he had done. But, alas! after this her *terrible complaint* returned with redoubled violence, and instantly threw her whole frame into a state of agitation not to be described! A medicine just then arrived from the doctor, which she took; but all in vain!

After a severe struggle for about fifteen minutes, bathed all over with a clammy cold sweat, she laid her head on her husband's bosom, and said, "I am going." Mr. Rogers, recovering a little from the dreadful feelings he had experienced, found a desire to propose a question or two to his dear wife, relative to the state of her soul: not for his own satisfaction; for (as he observed to me) he could as soon call in question the truth of Revelation, and of all religious experience from the beginning, as doubt of her eternal happiness; but he did this that God might be glorified, as in her life, so by her death, in the presence of many of her friends who were standing by. He said to her, "My dearest creature, is Jesus precious?" She replied, "Yes, O yes, yes!" He added, "My dearest love, I know Jesus Christ has been long your all in all. Can you now tell us he is so?" She replied, "I can—he is—yes—but I am not able to speak." He again said, "O, my dearest! it is enough." She then attempted to lift her face to his, and kissed him with her quivering lips and latest breath! About ten o'clock (two hours after her delivery) she gently fell asleep in Jesus, in the thirty-ninth year of her age, leaving her inanimate clay in her dear husband's arms, and *seven children* to feel their unpeakable loss!

Thus lived, and thus died one of the best of women. Almost every thing that is good may be said of her, if she be viewed as a Daughter, a Wife, a Mother, a Friend, a private Christian, or as a public person, particularly as a leader of Classes and Bands, in the Methodist society. Almighty grace, to which alone be ascribed all the glory, got to itself a victory indeed in this amiable woman.

Her filial duty is hardly to be exceeded. Whilst she indulged herself in those pleasures which the world calls innocent, but which the children of God in all ages have known to be inconsistent with vital religion, she enjoyed the smiles of her mother, and of a flattering world. But no sooner did she become a confessor of Christ, but the clouds of persecution lowered, and afterwards fell down upon her with great severity. Her mother not only confined her for a considerable time: but at last gave her the alternative of leaving her house, or becoming her proper servant. She preferred the latter; and though brought up in the most delicate manner, and of a very respectable family, she submitted to the degradation, and for several months went through all the *most menial* offices, with a patience and meekness not to be shaken. Her mother finding her incorrigibly pious and steady to her



God, (enthusiastic, as her mother would have termed it) for the sake of her own honour, raised her again from the ashes to the state of a child. But all this time Miss *Roe* discovered nothing but the height of filial affection; and continued so to do in every instance till her mother's death.

Her conjugal affection was equally great and steady: and indeed (as may be observed from what has been already said) Mr. *Rogers* stood in need of such a helpmate for him. When he was stationed in London as the assistant-preacher, his steady attachment to the Methodist discipline, raised up many powerful and bitter enemies against him. His sufferings were inexpressible, and his constitution very much impaired thereby: though at the same time it must be observed, that an unanimous vote of thanks was granted him by the Methodist Conference, for his exertions and his immoveable patience and fortitude in defence of Methodism. Mrs. *Rogers* was, to my knowledge, during those three years of severe trial, his support indeed. More true conjugal love could not, I think, be manifested by a wife to her husband, than was by her, both at that time, and, I verily believe, upon all occasions. It seems probable, that she had received some secret intimations of her death, before she was taken in labour; which appears to be proved by a copy of verses, which were found among some of her choice papers a little after her death. Those glowing effusions, which may be expected to flow from the heart of a most affectionate wife, are so evidently displayed in these lines, that I transcribe the whole.

" My hour is come, and angels round me wait,  
To take me to their glorious happy state;  
Where, free from sickness, death, and every pain,  
I shall with God in endless pleasures reign.

Transporting thought! Thou dearest man, adieu!  
I feel no sorrow, but in leaving you:  
O thou, my comfort, thought, and only care,  
In these last words thy kindness I'll declare!

In truth, in constancy, in faithful love,  
Few could you equal, none superior prove:  
Compell'd by frequent sickness to complain,  
You strove to lessen and assuage my pain.

A tender care you never fail'd to shew,  
A constant sharer in my present woe.  
More I would say, my gratitude to own—  
But breath forsakes me, and my pulse is gone.—  
Adieu, dear man! — O spare  
Thy flood of grief, and of thy health take care.



My blessing to my babes : Thou wilt be kind  
 To the dear infants whom I leave behind :  
 Train them to virtue, piety, and truth,  
 And form their manners early in their youth,  
 Farewel to all who now on me attend—  
 The faithful servant, and the weeping friend :  
 The time is short till we shall meet again  
 With CHRIST, to share the glories of his reign.

Her maternal care and affection shone equally bright. Though she devoted much of her time to religious duties in public and private, yet nothing seemed to be left undone which could make her children comfortable and happy. She even prevented all their wants ; and was equally, nay, if it were possible, more attentive to Mr. Rogers's children by his former wife, than to her own. To the whole of them she delighted to give *precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little, and there a little* ; watering the whole of her labours upon them with many tears, and daily fervent prayers.

As a friend, she was faithful and immoveable in her attachments : nothing but her friends' forsaking God, could induce her to abate her love for them. She was formed for society, and possessed the most delicate feelings which could arise from the social principle. And, when some of her dearest intimates treated her with neglect on account of some disputes in the connexion, which they had nothing to do with, she could still weep, and love, and pray for them, not as unworthy of her friendship, or of the favour of God, but as led away from her by misinformation and error of understanding, and perhaps also by some deviations from the perfect love of God.

But her *Forté*, her greatest excellence, consisted in the enjoyment of her God. A very considerable part of her life evidenced, that salvation from sin, and salvation from sufferings, are very different things. Her firm patience under deep afflictions has been rarely, if ever, exceeded. Her conduct in the hour of nature's sorrow, in every instance, astonished all who were near her ; and her sufferings on those occasions were very exquisite. Her animal spirits were astonishingly good at all times. She hardly ever in her life was in what is generally termed *low spirits*. She was ever cheerful—never light ; and always ready to lift up the hands of her husband and her friends, and to encourage their hearts. She enjoyed for many years that glorious

blessing, which St. *John* in the fourth chapter of his first epistle, speaks of as his own experience, and that of many of whom he was writing; that *perfect love of God, which casteth out all fear that hath torment.* In short, she walked with God, she lived in the blaze of gospel-day, and Christ was her all in all.

And as a public person, she was useful in a high degree. She never indeed assumed the authority of teaching in the church, but she visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and delighted to pour out her soul in prayer for them. Very many dying persons entered into the liberty of God's children under her prayers and exhortations; for she possessed a peculiar gift in bringing a present salvation home to the soul. The profit received in Macclesfield from her holy conversation for years before she married, induced pious and mourning souls to visit her; and a very considerable part of her time was daily spent in answering cases of conscience, spreading forth the loveliness and excellencies of Christ to penitents, and in building up believers on their most holy faith. She then was a leader of classes and bands, and a mother in Israel to the young believers intrusted to her care. After her marriage, she still became more extensively useful. Mr. *Rogers*, on entering into a circuit would only give a very few to her care, desiring her to complete the class out of the world: and soon, by her conversation and prayers, and attention to every soul within her reach, would the number spring up to thirty or forty: and then, her almost cruel husband in this respect, for the glory of God, would transplant all the believers to other classes, and keep her thus continually working at the mine. In the city of Dublin only, Mr. *Rogers* himself confesses, some hundreds of those whom he received into society, were brought to Christ, or were awakened by her gentle, but incessant labours of love. In Cork, also, and in London, a similar success attended her pious exertions. Thus did the Lord mould this blessed woman into his image, as the potter does his clay, and use her for his glory as the ready writer does his pen, until she had served him in her generation, and he said to her, *It is enough, come up higher.*

GO, AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.

## An APPENDIX

TO

*Mrs. ROGERS's FUNERAL SERMON,*

WRITTEN

BY HER HUSBAND.

AS this tremendous stroke of divine Providence has wounded me in the tenderest nerve ; I hope, any irregularity of thought, or impropriety of expression, however censurable on other occasions, will be pardoned by the candid reader in the present instance ; especially as he will perceive in the preceding Sermon, that mine, is *more* than a common loss !

The valuable pamphlet, lately published by my dear companion, which contains a clear account of her experience from her childhood, supercedes many remarkable occurrences, which would otherwise have followed in this supplement ; and, as that little performance either is, or *may* be, in the possession of any friend who desires it, I am unwilling to say the same things, which are ranged there in a better manner than I feel adequate to, under my present circumstances. If what follows be made useful to any of my friends, the return I desire is a constant interest in their sympathetic prayers ; that I may be supported under my irreparable loss, and enabled to conduct myself in all things, during this most awfully trying scene—not like a *stoic*, but as a *christian*.

In my dear companion I have certainly lost one of the best helpmates man was ever united to. Her feeling sympathy and faithful love, were, I believe, seldom equalled, and never exceeded ! With hers my soul still feels, as it were, entwined and interwoven. She was (under God) the centre and constant spring of all my domestic happiness. In her I have not only lost one of the most valuable and most faithful wives ; but, my dear children, at the same time, are

berest of a most tender, affectionate parent, who always had their interest and happiness at heart.

But what is incomparably more afflictive still to me, I have lost in her my best help in spiritual things! She always gave me uncommon assistance in my labours, and greatly soothed all my cares and anxieties for the church's welfare. She was *ever* my comforter in the time of sorrow. The evenness of her temper, and the cheerfulness of her disposition, both in sickness and health, were wonderful! I never saw for one moment any thing *like* gloom in her countenance; neither do I remember one trifling word ever to drop from her lips: but, on the contrary, she was always ready for spiritual conversation; and no company pained her mind equal to that where religious subjects were unpleasing or impracticable: witness her own words soon after her arrival in Dublin.—

“Mrs. — invited us to dinner, where we met with much gay company. Dr. — took up the attention of the whole with his trifling, ridiculous conversation, so that it was a very unprofitable season: and I cried to the Lord in my spirit, that we might have no more such visits as these!” And, thank God, we had no more such while we continued in that city: but, on the contrary, our visits, in general, were serious, spiritual, and profitable, so that some time afterwards she remarks—“We dined with Mr. S—, and Mr. *Henry Brook* was with us: he appears a man of deep piety, and the conversation was truly profitable. Blessed be God, *all* our visits since the first, have been more to his glory. My soul feels much nearness to his people, and a sweet assurance we shall be blessed among them; and made a blessing. O! for a heart-reviving shower of grace, and Pentecostal blessings! The Lord I know sent us here, and surely it is for the good of souls:—My God, let *this* be promoted, and thou shalt have the endless praise!”

Such was our union of soul and sentiment, that the secrets of our hearts were always open to each other. And it was no small consolation to me, that I had *one* upon earth so dear to God, who both knew and approved of *all the motives* from which I acted, in public, as well as in private life. Hence it was, that, from a conviction of her duty to God, she was ever ready to resist the unkindness of my opponents, and warn me against the craftiness of *pretended* friends: and her penetration herein was astonishing; so that I do not remember, I ever relied upon her judgment, or acted by her advice, but I found it good.



As to her literary accomplishments, they were rather out of the common way. She had a critical knowledge of the English tongue: and her application to reading from her infancy, made her capable of conversing upon almost any subject; whether of an historical, philosophical, or theological nature.

With respect to the labours of her pen; she was, of all I ever knew among her sex, the most assiduous. Writing seemed to be her *peculiar* talent; and she took great delight therein, even from her childhood. And yet, she never on that account, or indeed, any other, once neglected any part of her domestic duty. She might truly be said to husband her time, in order to improve this talent. While I was absent an hour one morning, breakfasting with a friend; (and, although she were prevented by sickness from accompanying me) upon my return, she, with her usual smile, presented me with the following *Acrostic* upon our marriage union.

"JESUS, the source supreme of our delight,  
And soul of all our joys—of all our might,  
Made us of twain inseparable one;  
Ever to love, as he hath loved his own.

So may we love, as JESUS loves his bride,  
And nothing shall his love from her divide;—  
Nothing make twain the souls whom God hath join'd:  
Death only leaves mortality behind!

Heav'n shall complete OUR UNION here begun—  
Endless as vast eternal circles run.

Say, shall not then thy spirit join with mine,  
To praise the wonders of the plan divine?  
Each view with other which shall swiftest move,  
Ready to strike afresh our harps above,  
And bless the SAVIOUR through whose love we love?

No hand, but thine, DEAR JESUS, mark'd the road—

No wisdom, love, or power, but that of God.

Resolv'd to bless—he to each other gave:

Oh! that through life, his utmost power to save—

Grace upon grace our happy souls may prove;

Enwrap'd, implung'd, and swallow'd up in love:

Ready to clap the wing—his call obey—

Soar up together—love in endless day!"

My dear partner never considered herself as a poetess, and rarely attempted any thing of the kind: nevertheless, these lines will show, she was not entirely without that talent also.

Some of her letters, with a few other productions in prose, have appeared in print: but these are very small, compared with the numerous manuscripts she has left. Beside the

vast quantity of letters which she writ to her pious correspondents, she kept a *diary* of her life, from the time of her conversion to God, (which was in the seventeenth year of her age) till within a few days of her death: so that I am favoured with, I believe, not less than three thousand quarto pages, all written by her own hand: and every page clearly discovers, that for more than twenty years, she enjoyed constant fellowship and communion with the TRIUNE GOD; and that she never forsook her *first love*, nor lost a sense of the divine favour, from the day of her conversion to the hour of her death! None but those who live in the same spirit, can properly conceive the degree of intimacy which subsisted between her and her God. That the reader may be excited to praise after the same enjoyment, I will here give a small specimen of the almost uninterrupted language of her heart and pen.

“ I was so happy in the night, that I had very little sleep, and awoke with these words—‘The temple of indwelling God!’ My soul sunk into depths of nothingness, and enjoys closer union with him this day, than ever before. Every moment I feel such a weight of love as almost overpowers the faculties of nature! I know I could bear no more and live; but I often feel ready to cry—O give me more, and let me die! I long to be freed from earth! But help me, Lord, to wait resigned, willing to *suffer or do* for thee. I need not lay this body down to feel *thy presence*! Thou dwellest in my heart, and shalt for ever dwell. Thou art my present heaven—my soul’s eternal all.

I went to bed last night so full of the love of God, I could not sleep for several hours; but continued in secret intercourse with my Saviour. At preaching this morning, I was so overcome with the love and presence, and *exceeding glory* of my TRIUNE GOD, that I sunk down, unable to support it! I was long before I could stand or speak! All this day, I have been lost in depths of love unutterable. At the love-feast I was again overwhelmed with his immediate presence!—All around me is God!—“ Within his circling arms I lie, beset on every side!”

Some time after this, she writes—

“ As I came from meeting, I was so overpowered with the presence of God, that had not a friend supported me, I could not have walked home! I was lost in depths of love, and admitted, as it were, into the *immediate* presence of my Lord’s glory! Yet, I cannot explain it, for I saw no *manner of similitude*; and was humbled into the dust before

him ! It is often impressed on my mind, the Lord is preparing me for some close trial. My whole soul cries out, *Thy will be done !* Only let thy grace be sufficient for me.

“ Unfustain’d by thee I fall ;—send the help for which I call :  
Weaker than a bruised reed, help I ev’ry moment need !”

Yes ;—but “ I all thy power shall prove—thy nature and thy name is love.”

Blessed be God, I feel this day an increase of holy nearness to him, and fellowship with him. At the prayer-meeting, my body was quite overcome for half an hour together ; lo did my Lord unfold his fulness of love to my ravished soul. I seemed as in the presence of his glory, confounded and overwhelmed with a sense of his purity and his justice, his grace and his love ! and was constrained to lie at his feet in speechless adoration and humblest praise, while my body was covered with a cold sweat, and all around thought I was dying ! Well mightest thou say, O most adorable JEHOVAH, *No man can see my face and live !* for, when thou displayest only one faint ray—one glimpse of thy glorious presence, this frail tabernacle is ready to crumble into dust before thee ! But, O ! I shall one day be capable of beholding thee face to face !—*These eyes shall see thy glory, and gaze for ever in extatic blis !* Now, this corruptible clay cannot support itself under the weight of thy love ; but, *then* it shall have put on *incorruption*, and be able to enjoy the full and eternal fruition of thy glory.

Mr. P. preached from, *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you.* Before he had spoken ten minutes, I was filled with the *Triune God*, and sunk motionless under an exceeding great weight of love ! My outward senses were locked up ; but my spirit seemed surrounded with glory inexpressible ! I beheld *Jesus*, and was, as it were, overshadowed and weighed down by the presence and exceeding glory of the whole Deity !—I knew not where I was, or whether *in the body* ; but all was unutterable blis and glory ! After I came to myself, I continued full of the divine Presence, and a weight of love, such as enfeebled my whole frame. For many days and nights I could eat little ; and had seldom more than one hour’s sleep in twenty-four.

Afterwards I passed through scenes of close trial, (for which the Lord had thus been graciously preparing me) and, for a season, had not those *peculiar* manifestations : but his grace was sufficient, and he brought me through waves, and clouds, and storms unhurt ! To him be glory for ever and ever.”

As the quotations in the preceding sermon are chiefly taken from my companion's later manuscripts, I have transcribed these from what she wrote at an earlier period; which, when compared together, shew, that as she *began*, so she *finished* her happy course.

"Constant, unwarp'd from first to last,  
She kept the faith, and held it fast,  
From sin and error free;  
Contending for the faith alone,  
The name inscrib'd on the white stone,  
The LIFE of piety."

And, although (as she observes) her *extatic* joy were sometimes checked by various trials, yet, the same *ground* of rejoicing continued; viz. *faith, and a pure conscience*. And, beside the testimony of her own papers, I am witness, that many times I have seen her as happy in God as she could well be, and exist below; so that I have been afraid, it would prove too much for the earthen vessel to bear!"

She had a singular taste for reading, from her youth. In her unawakened state, her delight was in the perusal of entertaining novels and romances; and when a well-written history fell in her way, she thought little of reading three or four hundred octavo pages in a day, till she got through it: which she did with this advantage, that she generally made the substance of it her own. But since her acquaintance with vital religion, *Rollin's Ancient History* was her chief favourite; as she said, she found most of God in it; and because it clearly illustrated the prophecies, and confirmed the truth of revelation.

But, of late years, (though she still read different authors at convenient opportunities) the BIBLE was her chief study, and in it she took *uncommon* delight. Our usual rule was, to read one chapter every morning, as a part of family worship: but, for some time before the Lord took my dearest partner, we agreed to read three: one out of the Old Testament in the morning; one out of the Gospels at noon; and one at night out of the Acts, or some of the Epistles. And, beside these, when unable to attend upon the public ministry of the word, she would call the servant to read by her, when even sickness and pain forbade her doing it herself! And, at intervals, when her strength would allow it, she often made remarks, and drew practical inferences, as they went on.

In our course of reading to the family one morning, about three weeks before the time of her delivery, when we came



to these words, in *Gen. xxxv. 17—20*. I perceived a silent tear stealing down her cheek: The passage referred to reads thus:—*And it came to pass when she was in hard labour, that the midwife said unto her, fear not: thou shalt have this son also. And it came to pass as her soul was departing; (for she died) that she called his name Ben-oni; but his father called him Benjamin. And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day.* Sometime after this, in my absence, she desired the maid to read to her again the same chapter, which considerably affected her. Yet, I could not then learn that she had the least presentiment of her death, any more than what is common to women in such circumstances. But, indeed, it was a subject which neither of us could bear to enter into the spirit of: and if at any time it were impressed upon our minds, we endeavoured to put it away.

When alone, she often read the Bible kneeling; on which occasions we frequently find her breaking forth in language of this sort:—"Reading the word of God in private this day was an unspeakable blessing. O! how precious are the promises!—What a depth in these words; *For all the promises of God in him, are yea, and in him amen, unto the glory of God.* Yes, my soul, they are *lo to thee!* The Father delights to fulfil, and the Spirit to seal them on my heart. O that dear invaluable truth!—"Ready art thou to receive, readier is thy God to give."

The Lord poured his love abundantly into my soul, while worshipping before him; and I was enabled to renew my covenant, to be *wholly and for ever* his! O how precious are his ways to my soul!—suited to my weakness—worthy of a God!—*I am nothing!—He is all.* I momentarily live upon his smiles, and dwell under the shadow of his wings. I desire nothing, but to please him—to grow in inward conformity to his will, and sink deeper into humble love;—to let the light of what his grace hath bestowed, shine on all around, and to live and die proclaiming—*GOD IS LOVE.*"

I think myself bound in justice to her amiable character, here to remark, that notwithstanding the tenderness of her affection for me, and the great sensibility of her feelings at my leaving her, (which I have often done when she was sick and in pain) yet, she never, to my knowledge, once attempted to prevent me from going on my Lord's errand:—No: she knew the importance of the message *too well* to do that. As to her own usefulness in the church of God, it will best

appear when the light of eternity discovers it. In Macclesfield, Dublin, Cork, and London, her name will be precious to her numerous and kind friends, (and, especially to the children of her faith and prayers,) while memory lasts: and, I believe, numbers of these will bless God in an eternal world, that they ever saw her face. Perhaps, *some* may be found even in Birmingham, where she closed her useful, happy life, to whom the name of Mrs. ROGERS will long be precious!

And yet, notwithstanding her extraordinary zeal for God, and the salvation of souls, her good sense, joined with that christian modesty ever becoming her sex, taught her as to the *manner* how to proceed in saving souls from death. The sphere in which she moved was, to visit the sick; to teach her own sex in private; and to pray, whenever providentially called upon, whether in public or private. And to her might be applied that scripture, *Whosoever hath, (or uses what he hath) to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly.* The divine unction attending her prayer, added to the manner in which she pleaded with God for instantaneous blessings, was very extraordinary, and generally felt by all present. A conviction from God, that she ought to use this talent, constrained her, even to hold meetings in her neighbours' houses, for the purpose of praying with the distressed in soul; and with as many more as chose to attend.

During our stay in Dublin, she met weekly three women's classes, consisting of about thirty members each, in all ninety, to whom she was called to speak individually, beside the many occasional conversations she had with others, about the state of their souls. At Cork she met two large classes; mostly new members, to whom she had been useful; and was, indeed, the chief instrument of bringing them into the society: as was also the case with very many of those she met in Dublin.

In London, although called to the charge of Mr. Wesley's family, in addition to her own, she at once filled the place of *House-keeper* at the City-Road; (in which station she acquitted herself with honour, for two years,) and, at the same time, had the charge of two large classes.

Her third and last year in London, was not less profitable to her friends; many of whom followed her to Spitalfields, where several new members were added to her classes; and, I believe, most of those who attended that means of grace with her, both in that, and other places, found it good for their souls. While speaking to, and praying with them, many, *very* many have been enabled to witness a clear sense

of God's forgiving love; and others, at the same time, have obtained salvation from inbred sin. A doctrine this, of which she had the clearest views. And to its validity, her own conduct bore a constant testimony.

"Through all her words the soul within,  
The honest, artless soul was seen,  
Ingenuous, pure, and free:  
Candour and love were sweetly join'd,  
With easy nobleness of mind,  
And true simplicity."

And, although she clearly perceived the need of a gradual work, daily exhorting believers to *grow in grace*; yet she saw it her duty to bid those who felt the burden of indwelling sin, look for the total destruction of it in *one moment*; ever pressing them to *believe* for the blessing: to believe *now*: insisting, *If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth*. And the Lord set his seal to the truths she enforced. Many through her means were instantaneously delivered from the remains of a carnal mind, so as to *rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks*.

As great a matter as the attaining this blessing may appear, it is yet a greater thing to *hold it fast*: and, as the following circumstance had a most blessed effect on the mind of my dear companion, when she was comparatively a *babe* in this grace, greatly tending to establish her therein, I will, for the sake of others, transcribe the following account, just as she wrote it at the time. And but few events did I ever hear her mention with greater pleasure than it.

"Leeds, August 24, 1781. That dear man of God, Mr. Fletcher, came with Miss Bosanquet, (now Mrs. Fletcher) to dine at Mr. Smith's, in Park-Row; and also to meet the select society. After dinner, I took an opportunity to beg he would explain an expression he once used to Miss Loxdale; viz. 'That on all who are renewed in love, God bestows the gift of prophecy.' He called for the Bible: then read, and sweetly explained the second chapter of the *Acts*: observing, to prophecy in the sense he meant, was, to magnify God with the *new heart* of love, and the *new tongue* of praise, as they did, who, on the day of Pentecost, were filled with the Holy Ghost! And he insisted, that believers are now called upon to make the same confession; seeing, we may all prove the same baptismal fire: shewing, that the day of Pentecost was only the opening of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost—the great promise of the Father! and, that the *latter day glory*, which he believed was

near at hand, should far exceed the first effusion of the spirit. And, therefore, seeing they then bore witness to the grace of our Lord, so should *we*; and like them, spread the flame of love! Then, after singing a hymn, he cried, 'O, to be filled with the Holy Ghost!—I want to be filled! O, my friends, let us wrestle for a more abundant out-pouring of the Spirit!' To me, he said, 'Come, my sister, will you covenant with me this day, to pray for the *fulness of the Spirit*? Will you be a witness for *Jesus*?' I answered, with flowing tears, In the strength of *Jesus* I will. He cried, 'Glory, glory be to God! Lord, strengthen thy handmaid to keep this covenant, even unto death.' He then said, 'My dear brethren and sisters, God is here! I feel him in this place! But, I would hide my face in the dust, because I have been ashamed to declare what he hath done for *me*! For many years I have grieved his Spirit; but I am deeply humbled, and he has again restored my soul. Last Wednesday evening, he spoke to me by these words, *Reckon yourselves therefore, to be dead indeed unto sin; but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord*. I obeyed the voice of God:—I now obey it, and tell you all, to the praise of his love, "*I am freed from sin*. Yes, I rejoice to declare it, and to bear witness to the glory of his grace, that *I am dead unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ*, who is my LORD and KING! I received this blessing four or five times before; but I lost it, by not observing the order of God; who has told us, *With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation*. But the enemy offered his bait under various colours, to keep me from a public declaration of what my Lord had wrought.'

When I first received this grace, Satan bid me wait awhile, till I saw more of the *fruits*: I resolved to do so, but I soon began to doubt of the *witness* which, before, I had felt in my heart; and was in a little time sensible I had lost both. A second time, after receiving this salvation, (with shame I confess it) I was kept from being a witness for my Lord, by the suggestion, 'Thou art a public character, the eyes of *all* are upon thee; and if, as before, by any means thou lose the blessing, it will be a dishonour to the doctrine of *heart-holiness*, &c.' I held my peace, and again forfeited the gift of God. At another time, I was prevailed upon to hide it, by reasoning, "How few, even of the *children of God*, will receive this testimony; many of them supposing every transgression of the adamic law is sin; and therefore, if I profess myself to be *free* from sin,



*all these will give my profession the lie; because I am not free in their sense: I am not free from ignorance, mistakes, and various infirmities: I will, therefore, enjoy what God has wrought in me, but I will not say, I am perfect in love. Alas! I soon found again, He that hideth his Lord's talent, and improveth it not, from that unprofitable servant shall be taken away even that he hath.*

‘Now, my brethren, you see my folly: I have confessed it in your presence, and now I resolve before you all to confess my Master!—I will confess him to all the world! And I declare unto you, in the presence of God, the HOLY TRINITY, I am now dead indeed unto sin. I do not say, I am crucified with Christ, because some of our well-meaning brethren say, by this can only be meant a gradual dying; but I profess unto you, I am dead unto sin, and alive unto God: and remember, all this is through Jesus Christ our Lord. He is my PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING!—my indwelling Holiness—my ALL IN ALL. I wait for the fulfilment of that prayer, *That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: And that they may be one, even as we are one.* O for that pure baptismal flame! O for the fulness of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost! Pray, pray, pray for this! This shall make us all of one heart, and of one soul. Pray for gifts—for the gift of utterance; and confess your royal Master! A man without gifts is like the king in disguise: he appears as a subject only. You are kings and Priests unto God!—Put on, therefore, your robes, and wear on your garter, HOLINESS TO THE LORD.’

A few days after this, I heard Mr. Fletcher preach from the same subject, which greatly encouraged and strengthened me: inviting all who felt their need of full redemption, to believe now for this great salvation. He observed, ‘As, when you reckon with your creditor, or with your host; and, as, when you have paid all, you reckon yourselves free, so, now reckon with God. Jesus hath paid all; and he hath paid for thee!—hath purchased thy pardon and holiness: therefore, it is now God’s command, *Reckon thyself dead indeed unto sin, and thou art alive unto God from this hour!* O begin, begin to reckon now! Fear not: believe, believe, believe! and continue to believe every moment; so shalt thou continue free; for it is retained, as it is received, by faith alone. And, whosoever thou art that perseveringly believeth, it will be as a fire in thy bosom, and constrain thee

to confess with thy mouth thy *Lord and King Jesus!* and in spreading the sacred flame of love, thou shalt still be saved to the uttermost.

He also dwelt largely on those words, *Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.* He asked, 'How did sin abound? Had it not overspread your whole soul? Were not all your passions, tempers, propensities, and affections, inordinate and evil? Did not pride, anger, self-will, and unbelief, all reign in you? and when the spirit of God strove with you, did you not repel all his convictions, and put him far from you? Well, my brethren, *ye were THEN the servants of sin, and were free from righteousness; but now being made free from sin ye become servants to God; and holiness shall overspread your whole soul, so that all your tempers and passions shall be henceforth regulated and governed by him who now sitteth upon the throne of your heart, making all things new: they shall therefore be all holy. And as you once resisted the Holy Spirit, so now you shall have power as easily to resist all the subtle frauds or fierce attacks of Satan: yea, his suggestions to evil shall be like a ball thrown against a wall of brass: It shall rebound back again; and you shall know what that meaneth, The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.'*

Hethen, with lifted hands, cried, 'Who will thus be saved? Who will believe the report? You are only in an improper sense called believers, who reject this. Who is a believer?—one who believes a few things which his God hath spoken? Nay, but one that believes all that ever proceeded out of his mouth! Herethen is the word of the Lord; *As sin abounded, grace shall much more abound!* As no good thing was in you by nature, so now no evil thing shall remain.' Do you believe this? or, are you a half believer only? Come, Jesus is offered to thee as a *perfect Saviour*: take him, and he will make thee a *perfect saint*! O ye half-believers, will you still plead for the murderers of your Lord? Which of these will you hide as a serpent in your bosom? Shall it be anger, pride, self-will or *accursed* unbelief? O be no longer befooled! bring these enemies to thy Lord, and let him slay them.'

Some days after this, being in Mr. Fletcher's company, he took me by the hand, and said, 'Glory be to God for you, my sister! still bear a noble testimony for your Lord. Do you repent your confession of his salvation?' I answered, 'Blessed be God, I do not.' At going away, he again took me by the hand, saying, with eyes and heart lifted up,

‘ Bless her, heavenly power !’ It seemed as if an instant answer were given, and a beam of glory let down ! I was filled with deep humility and love ; yea, my whole soul overflowed with unutterable sweetness.”

As my beloved companion enjoyed that *purity of heart*, mentioned by our Lord in *Matt. v. 8.* so did she *see God* in all things. She greatly delighted in secret retirement, and private intercourse with him. She had strong confidence in a particular Providence presiding over all that respected her : and, as she believed that *the very hairs of our head are numbered ; and that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without our heavenly Father ;* so was she led to ask of God various things, which many professors of religion seldom think of praying for. And it is remarkable how many are the instances which she has recorded, as direct answers to her prayers. I will here transcribe two or three.

“ June 29, 1782. This day the Lord instantaneously removed a rapid mortification in my dear mother’s leg, in answer to prayer. The doctor having given his opinion, that in a few hours it would be fatal. I flew to my almighty refuge, and felt I had power with God, through faith in that promise ; *The prayer of faith shall save the sick ;* and, when in half an hour I looked again at the wound, all the bad symptoms were gone ; and the same doctor, standing astonished, said, no danger now appeared. I could not forbear weeping aloud for joy and gratitude, praising the God of my life.”

“ Nov. 29, 1785. A lady of genteel appearance, whom I had not seen before, requested to speak with me. I found she had come secretly to preaching for some months, and was under deep awakenings. Her husband is a man of fortune, but a professed infidel ;—believes in neither God, Devil, Heaven, nor Hell !—mocks at the scriptures, especially the New Testament ; and will neither attend any place of worship himself, or suffer her to do so : and what added to her affliction, his bad state of health determined him to go and live in France. She cried, What will become of me there ?—no means of grace ; no friend to fly to :—in a country of idolators abroad, and infidels at home ;—my sinful heart, and the temptations of Satan to struggle with : I shall lose all my good desires, and my poor soul will be ruined !”

I asked, is there no way to prevent this ? She answered, ‘ No.’ I said, but the LORD can prevent it ; and, if not for his glory, he *will*. ‘ Ah !’ said she, ‘ I fear nothing can

prevent it : the carriage is preparing, and the time is fixed.' I replied, only put the whole into the Lord's hand, and you are safe. Trust in God, and make it a matter of prayer ; and if the journey be not for your good, though it come to the *last hour*, he will prevent it : nay, if you should even set out, HE can by a thousand means, turn you back : and he will. Did he not suffer the three *Hebrew children* to be cast *into the furnace* ? Yet the fire had no power to consume !—*Daniel* was cast *into the den* ; but the God you are called to trust shut the lions jaws. St. *John* was put *into the chaldron of boiling oil*, yet he received no harm. This God, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, will prevent this journey, if you trust in him : or, he will make it a blessing to your soul. I then went to prayer, and at parting, bid her pray much for her husband, and believe, *all things are possible with God*.

Some time after she called on me, and told me she had taken my advice, and prayed for her husband, who, a few nights ago had a remarkable dream, which much affected and astonished him. He thought he was giving orders to his coach-maker about his new carriage ; and more especially about one of the wheels ; when the man turned about and said, in a very solemn manner, ' Sir, you need not trouble yourself about *that wheel*, for the LORD JESUS CHRIST has the whole management of it.' He was filled with surprize, and awoke. I again recommended her to God in prayer, and she returned home not a little comforted.

A few days afterwards, a note was sent to request public thanks to Almighty God for his power and love manifested in behalf of a person, whose name is unknown. The messenger, calling on me at the same time, said, ' Thank God, this journey is prevented at last !' I asked, But how was this brought to pass ? She said, ' Only two days ago all was fixed for the journey ; and on *this day* they were to set off. But the Lord afflicted the physician who advised them to go : and Mr. — finding himself very poorly, called in another doctor, who assured him he could not undergo the journey ; and that France is not a proper place for his constitution : and therefore, all thoughts of going are at an end.'

O ! how was my soul filled with wonder, love, and praise ! Who, that considers the above, will not see omnipotence, love, and faithfulness, exerted in answer to prayer ? Who would not wish for such a friend ? Who would not love, serve, and confide in such a God ? Who would not own, *He heareth the prayer, and to him should all flesh come ?*



And how wonderful is such a dream of the *Lord Jesus Christ*, by a man of such principles! Surely it was *all of God*: and to him alone is due all the Glory."

"March 5, 1790. In private I had peculiar liberty in praying for my dear husband, that he might experience *all the depths of Jesu's love* more abundantly than ever; and be the happy means of leading *me* also into farther degrees of inward salvation; that our union might ever tend to a yet closer union with our God, and all our outward mercies lead to this. While I prayed, I felt assured my Lord was well pleased, and would send an answer to my largest desires. Next morning Mr. Rogers awoke very happy, having had a precious view of the deep things of God. He dreamed that he felt the clear witness of sanctification, and his soul seemed full of gratitude and love. In taking a ride out together, and laying open our whole hearts to each other, (as we frequently did) I found my soul unspeakably happy; while we resolved to be more spiritual, more devoted to God, and more zealous in saving souls than ever. This was made a great blessing to me; and doubly so, as I believed it in answer to my prayer.

The last instance I shall cite, took place only a little before her death. "June 10, 1794. I had a peculiar season in wrestling prayer with my God this night, on account of my dear little *Mary*. The great weakness of her limbs for three months past, and her seeming *total* inability to walk, has caused much pain to my dear husband, as well as myself. It appeared to me, I had used every possible means in vain. But, this night I had power to cry unto my God, and tell him, Thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever: Thou art *my God*! Thou hast said, *Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee*: Thou hast healed cripples, made the lame to walk, yea, raised even *the dead*, in answer to praying faith! Lord, hear me now—stoop to my request—let the child's feet and ankle-bones receive strength:—give power to walk, and let me soon know that thou hast heard my prayer. I had power to believe it should be done; and my soul was filled with the divine presence. Thursday the 12th. I already see an answer to my prayer in the child. She is greatly strengthened in her limbs. How good, how faithful, how condescending is the Lord! We may—I may, like *Abraham*, like *Moses*, like *Elijah*, ask and obtain!"

Such were the habits of intimacy which my dear partner enjoyed with her beloved Saviour, that even when her out-

ward senses were locked up in sleep, he would frequently speak to her heart; and in *dreams and visions of the night* appeared to strengthen her in time of trial; warn her of danger; or prepare her for trouble before it came. One instance out of many I will here mention. It happened about four years after our marriage, and was attended with much comfort to her mind ever after, when she recurred to it.

“Having been exercised with an uncommon sense of various short-comings, and daily infirmities, for some days past, I awoke this morning lost, overwhelmed, and swallowed up in love, joy, and praise; occasioned by the following dream. I thought I was in an elegant house, and was desired by one to go into that room, (pointing the way) and I should see the late Mrs. Rogers. I wondered, but obeyed. I thought I entered the room, which was hung all round with clean white linen; and, upon a bed, I saw the beautiful corpse of my dear departed sister and friend: I looked, and loved the precious remains; when, to my great astonishment, her eyes opened! She smiled on me, and raised herself up. I exclaimed, in a rapture of joyful surprize, Is it possible? Has the Lord permitted you to revive, so as to speak to me? She replied, with unutterable sweetness, ‘All things, my dear, are possible with God: he has permitted it for *your comfort*.’ O! said I, what would I have often given to converse one hour with you, since you were taken! She said, ‘There was no need, my dear; God has been with me.’ I answered, Yes, he has: but, O! tell me, have I acted my part aright in *your place*? Does God in *this* approve of me? She smiled again, and said, ‘He does: and in *all* things he is *well* pleased. And he will yet strengthen and bless you to the end. He loves you, and he will save you in every time of trouble; especially in your approaching trial. You have nothing to fear, for you will be happy in life, death, and for ever. You are dear to God, and it is to comfort you, he permits me to appear and tell you this.’

This was but a few weeks before my *Hester* was born: and what I felt was unutterable indeed! Love unspeakable, and ravishing delight filled my whole soul: I was quite overpowered! I thought in my dream she said much more, but this is all I can *distinctly* recollect. And it so overcame me with transport, that I awoke! but my body was bathed in sweat, and my soul, as in the dream, filled with God, with heaven, and with unspeakable bliss! so that I could not refrain awaking my dear husband to tell him: and I could

sleep no more, but continued praising God till the morning. The more I consider his condescending goodness herein, the more I am lost in love, self-abasement, and speechless gratitude!"

This dream was made a great blessing to us both; and it is attended with no small consolation to me, especially under my present circumstances, to conceive that the inhabitants of heaven know *well* the transactions of earth; and (to wave the almost innumerable and well-authenticated instances of recent date) that they *do* so, is beyond a doubt; or, how could they be said to *rejoice over every sinner that repenteth*? And when *Moses* and *Elijah* conversed with our Lord, it was on the bitter cup he was to drink in Jerusalem: of consequence, they remembered that *place*, as well as those *prophecies* which were to be fulfilled on that occasion. And if the pious poor retain so lively a sensation in the other world, of the favours conferred on them in this, as to wait for the arrival of their kind benefactors, in order to *receive them into everlasting habitations*; (*Luke xvi. 11.*) what kind offices may we not expect from those, who, for many years, were our *faithful companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus*? *Are they not ALL* (as well as the angels) *ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation*? And what angel (except the Angel of the Covenant, who took upon him our nature, and was touched with a feeling of our infirmities) is so well qualified for this office and guardianship, as they? And it is even probable, a part of their heaven consists in the pleasure of attending those who are yet probationers in this world of woe; especially when they see us attentive to the will of him that sent them.

Hard as it was to part, my dear companion would have found it harder still, but for the same persuasion, which constantly rested with her, as appears from her own words, saying, "I feel myself very poorly in body, and several symptoms threaten my dissolution. But my soul is kept in perfect peace: I know, *for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain*. It seems as if the Lord had been of late preparing me for himself. And yet, when I think of leaving the dearest of earthly comforts, it is like rending of self from self—of nature from nature—and of the flesh from the bone. Nevertheless, when I reflect, the separation is *only* for a moment, compared with eternity! And, *that death itself cannot disunite our spirits*; it greatly helps me to say, *Lord, not as I will, but as thou wilt*."

It seems easy to learn from this, and other touches in the preceding pages, that, be our attainments in piety what they will, they have not the least tendency to dissolve the endearing ties of *natural affection*! On the contrary, that religion, by refining, tends to increase both the *fervour* and *constancy* of our love. But, what are all other ties of which the human heart is capable, compared with that holy and spiritual union, ever subsisting between those whom God in *every* sense hath made ONE!

I am conscious, the tenderest of maternal ties possessed the heart of my dearest companion; yet these, when it came to a point, were dissolved with comparative ease; as were also all her other friendly attachments, with this one *only* exception, of MYSELF.

“Not ev’n in death her friendship dies!  
With grateful pity and surprize  
I ask, How can it be?  
Loosen’d from all she leaves behind,  
Yet still—unutterably kind—  
Yet, still she cleaves to ME.

On me she rests her dying head,  
And catching, grasps a broken reed,  
But will not let me part;  
Till Jesus visit her again,  
By nobler love dissolve the chain,  
And free her struggling heart.”

God alone can tell what I felt in that dread moment, when her Lord gave the signal for dismissal, and I was called to return the last parting kiss! For some time I could only breathe, as it were, in silent accents, O! my God, let my latter end be like hers! *Come, O come quickly*, and prepare me to follow her! It is still the language of my bleeding heart.”

“O let me on her image dwell,  
The soul transporting spectacle,  
On whom ev’n angels gaze!  
A pious saint matur’d for God,  
And shaking off her earthly clod,  
To see his open face.

I see the gen’ious friend sincere:  
Her voice STILL vibrates in my ear,  
The voice of truth and love!  
It calls me to put off my clay,  
And bids me soar with her away  
To fairer worlds above!”

Well! thank God, a moment *cannot always last*: And, he who set my partner free, shall quickly send for you and me! Only let us take care that our loins are girt, and our



lights burning as bright as hers, when our Lord cometh, and all shall be well. All who knew my valuable companion, will allow that these pages contain but a small part of what *might* be said upon so amiable a character. But there is a day coming when her *real* value shall be made manifest!

The honour of being united to such a woman, fills my soul with unfeigned gratitude before God: and, although at present I am left to feel my loss, I am supported from above in a manner that exceeds all description! The heart-felt presence of God, which, from the time he took my *all of earthly treasure*, I have not wanted for one moment, more than compensates for the absence of all created good: if I can suppose *her* absent, who, under God, was the centre of *all* earthly treasure to me. And, now unto *him* who had a prior right, I freely resign **THIS ALL**, because *his* right is infinitely superior to mine. In the act of offering a sacrifice so pleasing to my God, I feel that our union in him is of *eternal duration*: and that, as sure as my beloved partner now *sleeps in Jesus*, even so surely will God bring her with him, and present her to me again; *For the Lord Jesus himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and then we shall be caught up TOGETHER in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord!* Thus comforted, and knowing the time is short, I shall here take leave of my beloved wife, leaving her to rest in his arms; where,

“Supremely blest’d, with perfect peace,  
She loves me now without excess,

Or passionate alloy:

Serene, she waits my spirit’s flight,  
To range with hers the plains of light,

And climb the mount of joy.

Repos’d in those Elysian seats,  
Where Jonathan his David meets,

Our souls shall soon embrace;

The utmost power of friendship prove,  
Commenc’d on earth, matur’d above,

In ecstasies of praise.

How shall we sing and triumph there,  
Our dangers and escapes compare,

Our days of flesh and woe!

How comprehend the plan divine,  
And sweetly in his praises join,

Through whom we met below:—

Through whom in Paradise we meet,  
Great Author of our joy complete,

Thee, Jesus, we proclaim;

While all the saints stand list’ning round,  
And All the realms of bliss resound—

Salvation to the Lamb!

The Lamb hath brought us through the fire;  
 The Lamb shall raise our raptures higher,  
 When all from earth are driven;  
 Our glorious Head shall cleave the skies,  
 And bid his church triumphant rise  
 FROM PARADISE TO HEAVEN."

JAMES ROGERS.

BIRMINGHAM, March 29, 1795.

A  
 SUPPLEMENT TO THE APPENDIX;  
 CONSISTING OF  
*Miscellaneous Extracts*  
 FROM THE  
 JOURNALS OF MRS. HESTER ANN ROGERS.

DUBLIN, Nov. 7, 1786. This day my soul hath felt much of the power of God, and a sweet solemnity, which I can but faintly describe. In calling to visit a friend who is dangerously ill of a pleurisy, I was led to bring very near the time when I shall bid adieu to all beneath the sun. I saw it an awful thing to die; yet rejoiced to feel the sting of death entirely gone; and a witness, that if I were called like her, to gasp for another and another breath, or to offer up my spirit, it would surely be into the arms of Jesus. But how was the importance of improving my present mercies impressed upon my mind;—the necessity of *now* employing every talent for God! In a state like hers I should be very unfit to call upon God even for my own soul; much less would it be in my power to persuade, warn, reprove, or exhort others. My God has at present entrusted me with precious time and opportunities. O let me improve, and not betray my trust; but, only for thy glory live, and to thy glory die!

In the evening my dear husband preached with peculiar freedom, from, *All are yours*. In the course of his sermon, he went through *Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, &c.* and in the last instance observed, "We are immortal till our work be done; till then men and devils combined cannot kill!" He likewise mentioned that memorable saying of King *William*, who, at the battle

of the Boyne, when in the most imminent danger, exclaimed (to encourage his men) 'Every *bullet* hath its *billet* !' shewing, our life is in the hand of *God alone* ; when, on a sudden, the congregation was alarmed by a man with a large loaded pistol being seized at the door. I was in the gallery, and therefore ignorant of what caused the uproar ; and my employment was to quiet the women, who were all rushing down stairs, many of them ready to fall into fits. I had no fear whatever : the sermon had been a great blessing to my soul, and I was kept in perfect peace. When I came into the yard, and heard the particulars, I found this villain came into the preaching-house, and sat opposite the pulpit for half an hour, while Mr. R. was preaching ; then, on receiving a watch-word from his comrades, went out ; and our maid, who at the same time came into the yard, unperceived in the dark, heard them plotting together, and resolving to fire at Mr. *Rogers*, and make off. Another friend, who was nearer than they imagined, also heard them muttering and curling, one of them bidding him with the pistol 'aim at the cushion.' In that moment the door-keeper, and two other friends, desired them to quit the yard ; when this fellow rushed towards the door with violence, and attempted to knock down brother *Ransford* with the butt-end of his pistol ; but he avoided the blow, and only received a slight hurt on the side of his head. The ruffian was then seized by a number of our friends, and taken to the watch-house. When examined, he denied he had any pistol, and cursed Mr. *Rogers* and all the Methodists bitterly. He was ordered to Newgate, and there confined. The constable came next morning and told us, Sir *Roger Smith* (Justice of the peace) had examined the pistol, and found it loaden with six leaden balls, (or flugs) which he shewed me : They were very ragged and sharp, and a large charge of the best gunpowder.

All these things put together, I was now much more affected than before, as it appeared plain that a deep-laid plot had been concerted ; and every reason to believe the intention was to have shot my dear husband while he was preaching. The wonderful prevention filled me with awful gratitude and humble praise. While Mr. R. and several friends went to Newgate to interrogate the ruffian, I spent a precious hour of intercourse with my God : and in sweetly committing to him the whole affair, I had some liberty to intercede for the poor wretch, but more in praying for my dear partner, when the Lord graciously applied these words,

*Not an hair of his head shall perish : wherefore, in patience possess ye your souls.* I blessed him for the promise and the precept, and was filled with divine consolation.

The night after this happened, Mr. Peacock preached with great liberty from, *Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.* His word was a blessing to me and many ; especially his quoting that text, *Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.* Two persons returned thanks this evening : one for pardon, and the other for being renewed in love ; both of them under the sermon last night. Well may Satan rage at a work like this, now going forward in this city. As several Roman Catholics have been lately awakened, and joined to the society ; and a very rich man, of great note among the priests, has become a constant hearer at our chapel, it is conjectured where this horrid plot most likely originated. And the more clearly doth this appear, from the numbers of friends who visited the villain while in prison ; and by whose means his escape was effected before he was brought to trial.

Cork, Aug. 20, 1796. I found that text much blessed to me this morning ; *Isa. lx. 8, Who are those that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows ?* How heavy is the dense cloud ; yet hangs in air without any visible hand to uphold it ; Such am I—laden with ten thousand infirmities, various temptations from Satan, and calumnies from malicious men, under which I must sink ! yea, and that even after my soul has been attracted from the earth by the Sun of Righteousness ; were it not, that I am held up like a cloud in air, by the mighty power of God. I also feel as one of those silly helpless doves : and as such, I fly to hide in my Saviour's breast ! There, my Lord, I would for ever dwell. "How blest are they who still abide close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !"

We had a good season at family prayer ; after which we went upon the water, and sailing down to Cove, we went on board Mr. Sholdam's new and beautiful Yatch. This vessel is built, it seems, for pleasure ; and he intends to sail in it round the known world. Every thing in it is elegant, even to extravagance ; much plate—superb furniture in the cabin, and a French cook on board. But can this make the owner happy ? Alas, no ! it cannot be, unless his soul were first adorned with Christ, and made meet for God.

In the evening Mr. Rogers preached in Cove, to a large company of attentive hearers, from, *Ye must be born again.*



The room was also well filled the next evening; and the day after we returned home in an open boat. We had an high wind and heavy showers of rain the whole passage, and the tide meeting the wind: When we came to Lough Mahon, (a very dangerous place) it was rough indeed. But the Lord sweetly prepared me for it. That verse was so powerfully impressed upon my mind, that I could not forbear repeating it:—

“O’er the raging billows sailing, with my all-protecting guide,  
By thy mercy never failing, I shall all the storms out-ride!  
Join’d to thee by closest union, and to my companion dear;  
By this happy, sweet communion, thou wilt banish every fear.”

Just then came a squall of wind, and the swell so very high, that all the passengers shrieked aloud, and some *now* cried to God for mercy! Even the boatmen turned pale; and our friends clasped round us in a most affecting manner. Yet, though I was sensible of our danger, my soul was kept from fear. I recollected *Peter* on the waves, and said, Lord, what are these when in the hollow of thy hand? I commit my all to thee: preserve me from fear, and help me to praise thee. My soul was indeed filled with his goodness. The boatmen, sensible of the danger, turned out of the channel into shallow water, and then the swell was not so great: but we were still in jeopardy, expecting every moment to be stranded in the mud; and if so, all must have perished, as we were near a mile from shore; but the Lord preserved us from all evil; and we landed safe in Cork before night came on. O may I never forget his love to me this day! How fatal might have been the consequences in my present situation, had fear been permitted to take place! instead of which, I was kept composed and happy; and returned in better health than when I went. *Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.*

Extract of a letter, received Jan. 14, 1789. “The Rev. Mr. E—— calling to visit one of his hearers, saw a young lady in the parlour, who had come for the use of the water, on account of her health. Observing her unusually pensive, Mr. E. took the liberty to enquire the reason. She answered, “Sir, I will think no more of it—it was only a dream; and I will not be so childish as to be alarmed at a dream! But, sir, I will tell you my dream, and then I will think no more of it.” She then repeated as follows: “I dreamed I was at the ball, where I intended to go to night. Soon after I was in the room, I was taken very ill, and they

gave me a smelling bottle, and then I was brought home into this room; and I was put into that elbow chair, (pointing to it) and fainted and died. I then thought I was carried to a place where there were angels and holy people in abundance, singing hymns and praises to God:—that I found myself *very unhappy there*, and desired to go from thence. My conductor said, if I did, I should never come there again. He then violently whirled me about, and I fell down, down, down—through *blackness*, and *flames*, and *sulphur*, the dread of which awoke me!”

The minister endeavoured by every possible argument to dissuade the young lady from going to the ball that night; but in vain! She answered, “I will go. I will not be so foolish as to mind a dream!”—She did go: and soon after she came into the ball-room, she was taken ill, and (as she dreamed) a smelling bottle was given her. She was carried home into the room, and put into that very elbow chair represented in the dream:—she **FAINTED**—and **DIED**!”

Awful warning! and awful event! O that it may deeply penetrate the hearts of all who are *lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God*. She was warned by a *dream*, but such are warned by a *reality*, even *her fate*!—She is gone—gone into a world of spirits—into **ETERNITY**. But was she unhappy! *Very unhappy* in the presence of a holy God, and his holy worshippers. O how does this correspond with that solemn declaration from the lips of truth, *Without HOLINESS no man shall see the Lord*! O how unmeet is one who liveth in these delusive pleasures on earth, for the spiritual enjoyment of God in glory; which is the inheritance and bliss of the saints in light!—Reader, ask thy own heart:—Couldst thou be more happy than *her* in the eternal employ of those who surround the throne, and *sing the song of Moses and the Lamb*?—Be assured thou couldst not, except on earth thou hast learnt *their song*—*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. THOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN.*

What a striking contrast between the person alluded to above, and an intimate friend of mine in the city of Cork, who died near about the same time. Her name was *Mary Mahony*. When very young, her carnal relations forced her to marry a man for whom she had no affection. He proved a very wicked and bad husband: but the God of wisdom and love, even out of this evil brought forth good.

The trials she daily endured, led her to seek rest and happiness in the Source of bliss. Beginning frequently, though privately, to hear the Methodists, her mind was drawn out in strong desires after God. But her husband has often followed her, and dragged her out of the preaching-house by the hair of her head. After some time he left her entirely, and she saw him no more. She joined our society about eight years ago, and soon found peace with God, which she never lost; and about three years after, obtained also a clear witness, that her soul was cleansed from *all sin*. In this salvation she walked irreproveably to the day of her death. And though at some seasons she was buffeted with various temptations, yet she always emerged out of them more fully purified. She was called outwardly to follow her heavenly Lord in the way of the cross; but she joyfully took it up, and bore it with the meekness of her lamb-like Saviour! Like him her language was, *Not as I will, but as thou wilt*.

Her love to Jesus, and her zeal for the glory of God, and for promoting the good of precious souls, was very peculiar. This induced Mr. Rogers to request her to take the charge of a class of young women; over whom she watched faithfully and diligently, with tears, fastings, and much prayer. In her last sickness (thought to be a rheumatic fever) her agony of pain in every limb was extreme; but she told me and others, "When these hands and feet are tortured with pain, yea, such anguish as is almost insupportable; I look to my precious Saviour, and see by faith his dear hands and feet pierced, and bleeding, and nailed to the accursed tree for *my sins*! and the view of that mangled body and precious head torn with thorns; and that precious blood streaming for my soul, sweetens all my pain, and makes me willing to bear all he pleases to inflict." After she had thus suffered for nine days; and constantly witnessed to all, the goodness of God to her soul, she became delirious. But a few hours before her departure, the Lord restored her reason. She was, however, speechless, till at last, after struggling some time, as in an agony to say something, she cried aloud, *Jesus is precious! Jesus is precious!* and sweetly fell asleep on the 10th of February, 1789, and in the twenty-fifth year of her age.

Oct. 24, 1790. I heard Mr. Wesley preach in Spitalfield's Chapel with great liberty, from *Ephes. vi. 11. Put on the whole armour of God*. I never heard the christian armour so described before. In the course of his sermon he intro-

duced an account of a French marshal, a very wicked man, but a great warrior, who, in the blaze of battle lifted up his hand toward heaven, and swore by his Maker, he would never quit the field while there was an Englishman alive in it! He was harnessed with steel; but while pronouncing the oath, with his arm extended, a musket ball entering the joints of the harness, shot him in the arm-pit, and down he fell! Mr. Wesley shewed, in the beautiful contrast, that the christian being armed with the *panoply of God*, i. e. *his whole armour*, no such part is left exposed, but the whole soul is covered and defended against every fiery dart of our common enemy, the devil.

I awoke very happy this morning, with these sweet words, "God, the almighty God is thine; see him to thy help come down, the excellence divine." And O! how was I blest while musing on that precious scripture, *Now we see through a glass darkly*. It was indeed a blessed season to my soul; especially for a few minutes, when I felt what I cannot explain. Such a manifestation of God as a *spirit*, uniting himself to *my spirit*, such a real enjoyment of God as LOVE, as HOLINESS, as HEAVEN, that *fulness* which thought cannot fathom! and all this to *me—my all in all!* united inexplicably to my spirit, more than filling all my powers with his effulgence, so that I was wrapt in God! O my Lord! and shall I prove *for ever* this vision, this fruition of thy fulness? I know I shall. Thou hast given my soul a taste, and thou wilt give the abiding reality when time is no more. O thou THRICE HOLY GOD OF LOVE, my soul is lost!—Wonder and love overpower me quite! I am abased before thee, while I feel the sacred blessing mine.

Nov. 4, 1792. My closet was truly a *Bethel*, while my soul was engaged in prayer, and holy meditation on those deep words, Col. iii. 3, 4. *Our life is hid with Christ in God*, &c. I was led to enquire as follows: But how is *my* life hid? My *animal* life being the breath of God, he continues or withholds it at his pleasure. But who can tell *how* he animates the clay body; or how we continue in that state of animation? When he takes away our breath we die, and are turned again to our dust. How is it that we now feel, hear, smell, taste, and see? How is it we think, judge, fear, love, desire, and enjoy? To say we are made capable of all these, is to say nothing. From what arises that capability? The soul actuates the body: but *how?* and who informs and actuates the soul? All is hid with *Christ in God*. He is the source, but we cannot search out his ways.



Our *spiritual* life is hid also. By nature we are dead. From *him* we receive the first seed of spiritual life, *Not of blood*, (from our natural parents) *not by the will* (or power) *of man; but of God*. And how hid from the wisdom of a natural man, are all the workings of divine grace? We are told, he cannot know them. Nor can a soul possessed of this spiritual life impart what he feels to another:—It is that *new name which none knoweth but he that receiveth it*. What a mystery!—CHRIST IN US! And what a mystery also is that *faith* which justifies and saves, to a carnal mind!

How frequently is this life so hid, that our actions, words, and motives, are mistaken by men! And often is the saint condemned through this, when approved of God. But soon will this *hidden life* be revealed in open day, when all shall see and admire the unaffected integrity of him who was despised and rejected by the wicked; mistaken even by his friends, (and perhaps grieved sore through such mistakes) when his innocence shall shine forth as the light, and his just dealing as the noon-day; while many shall be amazed at his salvation, so far beyond all they looked for on earth! Perhaps a *well-painted hypocrite* might be thought more holy than the *Israelite without guile*: but then the mask is no more: God will own his jewels, and they shall shine in his presence for ever. And, if sorrow or tears could possibly be in heaven, surely those who have been (through mistake) cause of grief to these on earth, will sorrow then, and love them more perhaps on that account.

Again: Much is hid even from the soul possessing this life. The humility of the true saint, arising from a sense of many infirmities which he feels, hides his grace from his own sight, so that at certain times he is even discouraged; while Satan, the *accuser*, fails not to magnify unto him various shortcomings, his extreme weakness, his failures in judgment, memory, or zeal. His ignorance of many things; or some constitutional infirmity, though not yielded to, may often beset, and be a burden to his mind. These, and such like, may, for a time, damp the joy of one whose *life is hid with Christ in God*; but when such feel their utter helplessness, the Sun of Righteousness shall break forth; and, by a word—a single look of love, dissipate all the gloom, and display his graces and himself, and fill with unknown peace! But when these come to pass *through the valley*, there they shall find Jesus their life indeed, with whom they shall then appear in glory! Yes, yes, he will then be revealed to their

ravished views, when they shall, fearless, "pass the watery flood, hanging on the arm of God:" for he will stand in Jordan to see them safe through, and landed all in Canaan; where he will display before them his bleeding wounds, their *only* title to eternal bliss! And, O! what then shall be revealed to the disembodied saint? Divine amazement, and glory all!—But, O to prove the blissful reality mine! This, this is all! and while my soul exults in the sweet assurance, I deeply feel the importance of that question, *Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?* and can tell my Lord, as *Peter* did, *Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee;* yea, with all my heart. I have communion with my God, as a man with his friend. I feel an intimate union with Jesus, and through him with the Father: and such overflowing emanations from the Holy Ghost, as I have rarely felt before. I think a little more would burst the earthen prison, and set my longing spirit free.

I have found it very profitable to read *Horæ Solitariæ* on the name and titles of Christ: especially that of *JEHOVAH ADONAI*. His remarks are very sweet and spiritual; only his calvanism I pass over. Yet, I can allow and join in all that gives glory to Christ; and tends to humble the sinner; ascribing also, with him, my whole salvation to grace unmerited and free. I believe, he who hath loved me, died for all; that they who are dead might henceforth live, *not unto themselves, but unto him who died for them, and rose again.*

Feb. 19, 1794. Having heard much of late respecting public matters, and about an expected invasion, with all its consequences, I have been led much to secret prayer, and feel I can say to my God, "Naked came I into the world, and thou hast cared for me; nurtured me in my infancy, preserved me in my youth, provided for the wants, yea, even for the *comforts* of my riper years; and now I am still thine; and I commit myself, my dear husband and children—my *all* unto thee:" I received for answer, *There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come near thy dwelling.* The day after, I had some subtle temptations from the enemy; but the Lord assured my heart, he would not suffer me to be tempted above what I am able to bear. Whenever I approach the Lord in secret, Satan vanishes, and Jesus tells me, *All that I have is thine.* Yea, he truly leads me into green pastures, and by the still waters of comfort! "O, to grace how great a debtor, daily I'm constrained to be!"

My mind has been led of late to meditate on the latter day glory ; and the Lord's presence rested upon me in a peculiar manner, while attending to those fine ideas of Mr. *Fletcher* on the Millennium : especially where he observes, that, " As now the world is overpread with *iniquity*, so shall it then be with *holiness* ; in so much, that a wicked man shall then be as great a wonder on earth, as a father in Christ is now ! That the curse shall be taken away from universal creation, vegetable, animal, and elementary.—The bodies of men no longer subject to pain and weakness.—No sorrow in child-bearing : no temptation. The lion will then be as inoffensive as the lamb ; and the leopard lie down with the kid : *For they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith our God ; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.*

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*The dying bed of a SAINT and SINNER contrasted.*

DUST we are, and unto dust we shall return. A few more rolling years ; a few more months or weeks ; nay, a few more setting suns, or fleeting moments ; and we are gone.—Gone ! Where ?—Oh ! that AWFUL, DREADFUL, BLISSFUL thought ! *Awful* to all, *dreadful* to the unholy—to sinners, and *blissful* to the saints of God. See a man approaching to the verge of eternity :—how are all his views changed !—how trifling to such a man appear all below the sun !—how important the things of God, and the salvation of his never-dying soul ! Let us consider one ignorant of God through life ; immersed in pleasure, lost in pride, careless, secure, surrounded and beloved by his carnal friends, and possessed of a moderate share of wealth ;—such a one in the bloom of life. Some fatal distemper seizes his brittle frame, he is racked with torturing pain, surrounded by weeping friends, whose help is all in vain : the physician gives no hope of his recovery ; and he perceives he is ere long to launch into a boundless eternity ! What are his views in such a state ? Such a scene have my eyes beheld, and therefore may I with great certainty describe it. " Wretched man that I am, (methinks I still hear him cry) where are my pleasures now ? What hath pride profited me ?—or what good have riches, with all my vaunting, done me ? These are passed away as a cloud ; and now, O horror to think !

" Now leaving all I love below, to God's tribunal I must go ;  
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate, and fix my everlasting state !"

But can I hope to dwell with God? Ah! no, it cannot be. He is holy; I am vile: He is just, and will punish the guilty. He called, and I refused: He stretched forth his hand, and I would not regard; and now he laugheth at my calamity, and shutteth his ear to my cry. Then I *would* not, now I *cannot* pray! He often knocked at the door of my heart, saying, by an inward whisper, 'Thou art wrong: repent and turn to God: *Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?*' But I would none of his counsel, and turned away mine ear from his reproof. I refused the yoke of Jesus; despised his ministers, and neglected that salvation which was long offered to me by their means. But now I feel the dire effects!—*Me miserable! which way shall I flee infinite wrath, and infinite despair? O eternity! eternity!*—Fall, fall ye rocks, and hide my guilty head:—hide me from him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb! But O! even this cannot be! I must endure his indignation! I must suffer the vengeance of eternal fire! My damnation is sealed! Who can dwell with devouring fire? Who can endure everlasting burnings? Take warning, O my careless friends! A gaping hell awaits me! My soul is going! Fiends are waiting to receive it: They encircle me around:—O horror and eternity!"

The person described above, was afterwards reprieved for a short season from the jaws of death; but he did not manifest any genuine repentance; and in about six months after, died in raging despair.

Let us next see the child of God—the heir of glory: Pleasing contrast! how different his prospect! He longs to reach his Father's house, and kisses the kind rod of his afflicting hand. The welcome news, that he shall soon be there, elevates his soul with rapturous joy: he has a foretaste of those pleasures that are at God's right hand for ever more, and the language of his heart is,

"Haste my beloved, fetch my soul up to thy blest abode:  
Fly, for my spirit longs to see my Saviour and my God."

—Yes, blessed Saviour, and this thou knowest is also the language of my heart, while I now bid adieu to earth, and all terrestrial scenes!

FAREWELL my dearly beloved, my christian friends, with whom I have taken sweet counsel in the way to glory. I now leave you for sweeter converse above. On earth we have been *one* in him we love; in heaven we shall meet to part no more. His love was the centre of our union here;



and this shall still unite in those blest realms above. How often have we sweetly joined to praise him in the body! and one small glympse of Jesu's love hath made our cup run o'er.

" And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet;  
What height of rapture shall we know,  
When round his throne we meet!"

FAREWELL my dearly beloved children; I leave you; but your *parents'* God hath promised to care for you. Choose him for your portion, and then, if we *both* leave you exposed to the waves of a dangerous world; the faithfulness of an unchanging JEHOVAH is engaged to pilot you safe into that *haven* where we shall meet you all again, being bound up together in the bundle of life, with the Lord our God.

FAREWELL, in particular, my ever dear husband! How was *our* friendship ripened almost to the maturity of heaven! How tenderly and closely are our hearts still knit together! Nor shall the sweet union be dissolved by death; but, being ONE IN CHRIST, we shall be ONE for ever. Mourn not that I go to him first. He saw it best for my weakness: my feeble frame might not have supported your absence. A very little while, and you will follow me; and O, with what joy shall I welcome your arrival on the eternal shore, and conduct you to him whom our souls love!—Till then ADIEU—my dearest companion in heaven's road, whom God in the greatest mercy gave to me. I leave with thee the most grateful sensations, for all the kind tokens of affection which I have ever had from thee. But I now go to JESUS, who is infinitely dearer to me! With him I leave thee, nor doubt his care, who hath loved and given himself for thee. It is but a short separation:—our spirits shall soon re-unite, and then *never*, *never* know separation more!

FAREWELL to all my dear relations! Weep not for me, but love my God. O make your peace with him, and you shall follow me to glory! He is worthy of your hearts, and only HE! O give them wholly to him. I have not served God for nought! I have lived an heaven below in Jesu's love; and now eternally shall praise the glories of his grace! And you who *know* my God, O love him more, and never, never leave him; so shall he be to you what he is now to me. Continue *steadfast and immoveable*, always abounding in the work of the Lord: for, I can testify to his glory, *your labour shall not be in vain*. Be faithful unto death, and he will give you a crown of life; which I now am hastening to

receive! *The chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof*, are all waiting to carry me home!

"See the guardian angels nigh, wait to waft my soul on high!  
See the golden gates display'd! See the crown to grace my head!  
See a flood of sacred light, which shall yield no more to night;  
Transitory world farewell; Jesus calls with him to dwell!"

He cries, *Arise my love, my fair one, and come away*. Amen, faith my willing, joyful soul, *even so, come Lord Jesus!* My soul is on the wing! Burst asunder, ye bonds of clay, which hold me from my love! How welcome the stroke that shall break down these separating walls, knock off my fetters, throw open my prison doors, and set me at liberty! This corruptible body, this tottering house of clay, which now cannot sustain his weight of love, shall soon be made a glorious body incorruptible! "Shall the stars and sun outshine, shout among the sons of glory, all immortal, all divine!" and able then to enjoy the full fruition of my God.—Yes, I shall soon see him as he is; not through a glass darkly, but *face to face*. The beatific sight "shall fill the heavenly courts with praise, and wide diffuse the golden blaze of everlasting light."

"Waiting to receive my spirit, lo! my Saviour stands above;  
Shews the purchase of his merit; reaches out the crown of love!"

Angels surround my bed to carry me away:—I come, I come, blest messengers of my God! Haste and convey me to his loved embrace! My faith already beholds the crucified Redeemer:—methinks I see him smile, while round him stand the heavenly host exulting! O glorious train of blood-bought souls! What an innumerable company! And I shall join the choir—"shall shout by turns the bursting joy, and all eternity employ in songs around the throne." How delightful the theme! It hath set my soul on fire; yet I cannot express a thousandth part of my ideas, or the prospect that lies before me. But I shall prove the unutterable bliss!—The inheritance is mine!—A foretaste now I feel! nay, so am I filled with glory and with God, that more I could not bear, and live!—O may I ever feel the sacred flame, and through eternity proclaim the depths of JESU'S LOVE; Amen and Amen.

HESTER ANN ROGERS.

EPITAPH inscribed to her Memory in St.  
Mary's Chapel-Yard, *Birmingham.*

HESTER ANN, *Wife of JAMES ROGERS, Preacher of the Gospel, sleepeth here in JESUS, waiting for her final call. She exchanged Mortality for Life, October 10, 1794, aged Thirty-eight.*

" SHE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

" What say the happy dead?—  
She bids me bear my load,  
With silent steps proceed,  
And follow her to God;  
Till life's uneasy dream  
In rapture shall depart,  
She bids me give, like her,  
To Christ my bleeding heart."

ALSO,

JOHN, *Son of JAMES and HESTER ANN ROGERS, who died November 1, 1794, aged Twenty-one Days.*

UNDERNEATH the same stone lies also the remains of MARTHA, my second daughter. She was a lovely child, the darling of her mother, and seemed to partake much of her sweet open temper; which, of course, endeared her so much the more to me. She died of a consumption, the foundation of which was laid by the small-pox, which she took in the natural way about ten months before. During her tedious affliction, she suffered much; and although resigned in a good degree, yet she was considerably affected at the thoughts of death.—She would often repeat her little hymns and prayers, particularly these words,

" Gentle JESUS, meek and mild, look upon a little child:  
Pity my simplicity—suffer me to come to thee."

The manner of her repeating these lines, convinced me that she sensibly felt them; and I was led to request the Lord would manifest to her infant mind, in a way he knew, such a degree of that glory to which I saw my child hastening, as would at once comfort her in her pain, and encourage my poor heart, the wounds of which being ready on this occasion to bleed afresh. The Lord graciously condescended. About two hours before her spirit got the signal for dismissal, she was uncommonly restless, and would not be left for a moment. She was perfectly sensible to the last:—talked about various things, distinct and clear: she then

suddenly stopped; and after a short pause, cried aloud, "It is *me* he means, *Sally*, it is *me* he means:—I say he calls for *me*! Come *Sally*, be quick, and bring me my *white things*.—There they are: I must have them all on! O *Sally*, I am fine!—How clean and beautiful I look, dont I? I am dressed *all in white*!" In one minute after this, she turned upon her right side, and breathed no more.

O what a joyful reception would she meet from her darling mother, who would, no doubt, be waiting to receive her happy spirit, and present it to her adorable Lord! and with what joy do they now both behold HIS FACE, who purchased the crowns they wear!

It was on March 23, 1795, my child took her flight to Paradise; aged four years, one month, and twenty-three days. Upon her grave-stone are the following lines:

"Angels rejoice, a child is born  
Into your happier world above;  
Let poor short-sighted mortals mourn,  
While, on the wings of heav'nly love,  
An everlasting spirit flies  
To claim her kindred in the skies."

J. R.

